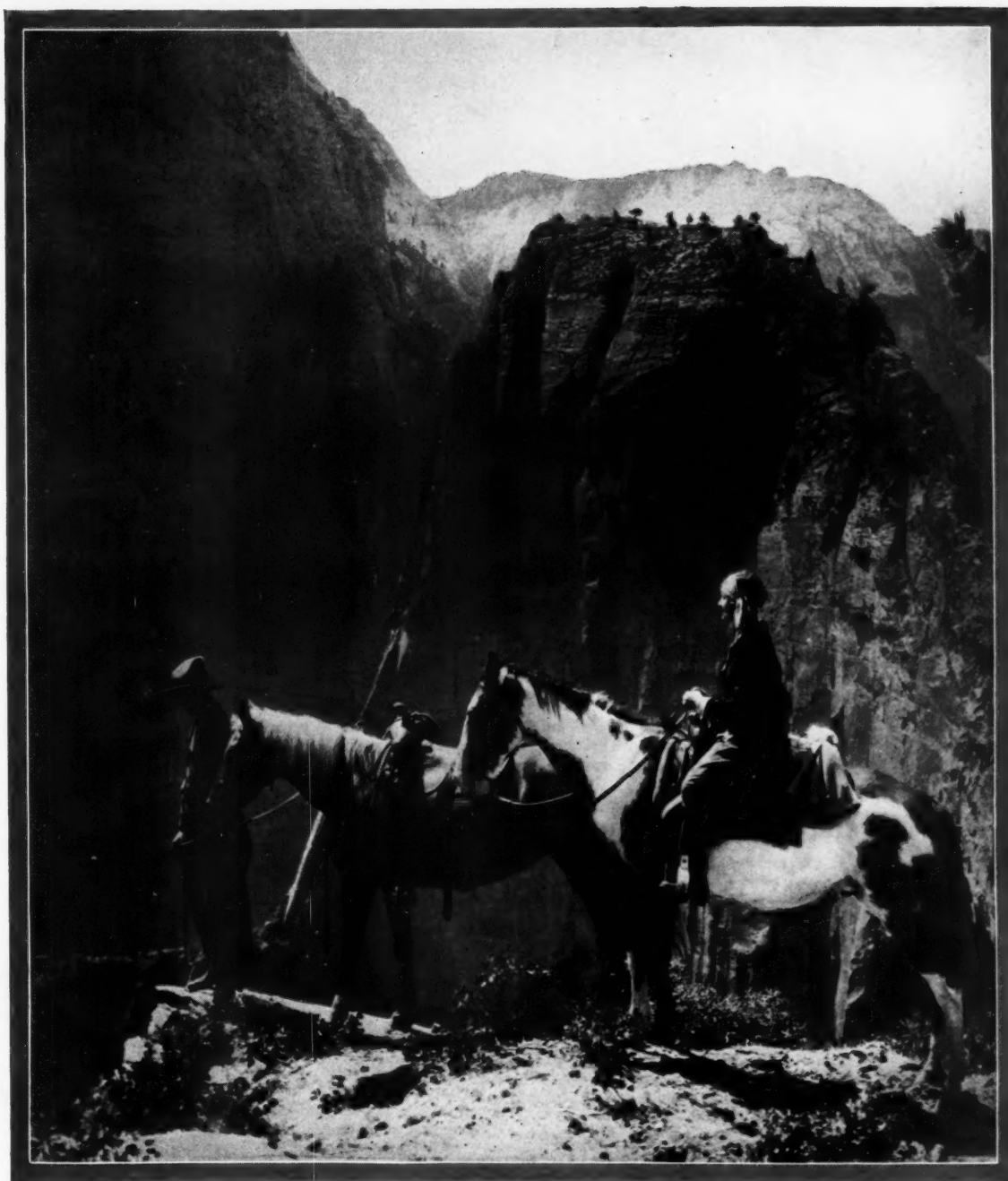


# YOUTH'S COMPANION



Photograph by Armstrong Roberts

## A BEAUTIFUL TRAIL

On a lower-level rim of Zion Canyon, Utah, overlooking a sheer drop of 3000 feet

### Contents This Week

The Girl of Tiptop.....By H. I. CLEVELAND	171	Fact and Comment: An Achievement and a Portent, The Farmer and the Corn Borer.....	180
A story of the old West		This Busy World: Ministers to Ottawa and Dublin, Those Three Cruisers, The Mighty Universe, Liquidating the War, Another Man and a Woman Swim San Pedro, The Chinese Revolution.....	180
A Lively Night in Camp.....By C. A. STEPHENS	173	Miscellany: Historic Calendar, Heroes of the Second Group, Nosebleed, A Dog's Long Memory, The Best Motion Pictures.....	180
Addison's ingenious trap		The Children's Page: The Prince and the Charcoal-Burner.....	182
Disciplining Josiah.....By CATHERINE STONEMAN LONG	174	By CHRISTINE N. GOVAN	
How a lazy man was cured			
Cameron MacBain, Backwoodsman—IV.....	175		
By H. M. SHERMAN AND H. DANIEL			
The Y. C. Lab, The National Society for Ingenious Boys.....	178		

**Quality First—  
Then low Price**

*But we never sacrifice  
quality to make a low  
price*

**Your orders  
are shipped  
within 24 hours**

Your orders will be shipped within 24 hours. That saves time. Besides, one of our seven big stores is near to you. Therefore, your letter reaches us quicker. Your goods go to you quicker. It is quicker and cheaper, and more satisfactory to send all your orders to Ward's.

**WARD'S DRUGS**  
**WARD'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**  
**WARD'S AUTO SUPPLIES**  
**WARD'S HARDWARE**

**WARD'S HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS**  
**WARD'S HATS**  
**WARD'S SHOES**  
**WARD'S DRY GOODS**  
**WARD'S GROCERIES**  
**NOTIONS**

**WARD'S FIFTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY**  
1872 1927

The Stage Coach and the Poor Rider were the best means of communication through the big West when Montgomery Ward began business in 1872. Montgomery Ward & Co.'s program has been so great as the improvement in transportation. Yet the fundamental principles that Mr. Ward established in 1872 rule this business today: to always offer a saving on merchandise of honest quality, and to deal under a Golden Rule Guarantee. That has been our unbroken policy for 55 years.

**MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.**  
Catalogue 106 Spring & Summer 1927

## 88 Big Stores are brought to you in the Pages of Ward's Catalogue

A whole business street—88 Big Complete Stores—are combined in Ward's Spring and Summer Catalogue.

A vast furniture store, a shoe store, a men's store, a women's store—each filled with very large assortments of fresh new merchandise are shown complete in your Catalogue.

Almost your every need is supplied in one of these 88 Departments of Montgomery Ward & Co.

**Do you "Shop" With Ward's Catalogue?**

Do you look through each big store in your Catalogue? Do you look in your Catalogue as you would in the most modern complete store located near to you?

Do you use your Catalogue for everything you need to buy? Do you take advantage of its bargains to save as much as you could save? Do you always compare prices?

Here are lower-than-market prices for you. Low prices based upon sound business principles. A dozen of anything can be bought cheaper than one. Ward's buys by the thousand dozen for you and 8,000,000 other customers. We buy by the train load and we buy for cash!

**\$100,000,000  
of Merchandise Bought  
for this Book—for Cash**

Cash gets a lower price than credit. We pay cash for your goods. And the saving is always passed along to you!

So use your Catalogue. Use it every week for everything you need to buy. Take every advantage for saving this book offers you. You can save \$50.00 in cash this season by sending all your orders to Ward's.

Quality—your satisfaction—comes first at Ward's. For 55 years Montgomery Ward & Co. has backed every purchase with an iron-clad guarantee that assures you of satisfactory quality always. At Ward's we never sacrifice quality, never cut serviceability to make a low price.

# Montgomery Ward & Co.

**ESTABLISHED 1872**

**The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive**

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Baltimore Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth



# THE · YOUTH'S · COMPANION

VOLUME 101

MARCH 10, 1927

NUMBER 10



*"I'm only a girl," said Martha, "but I tell you men now you'll have to kill me before you harm him. I come from a country where we deal in fair play!"*

## The Girl of Tiptop

By H. I. CLEVELAND

Illustrated by F. E. SCHOONOVER

THE school trustees looked dumb-founded. Sim Blair twirled his thumbs, Harley Coffin uneasily shifted his belt, while Hober Dett clicked his heels together and acted as if he wanted to take to the desert.

Rapidly moving away from the station of Sage Alley, the Fast Mail was showering the trio with hot cinders; but this was not what had disturbed them. The disturbance was the trim figure of a girl dressed in traveling gray—a girl so sweet and fresh in youth and health that all about Sage Alley seemed to take on new hideousness in contrast. Back of the girl was a suitcase and a steamer trunk. Ahead were the trustees, a two-seated mountain buckboard and a team of piebald ponies, predecessors of the automobiles that now shorten the distances which seemed so long to them.

Her eyes sighting beyond the three men, the girl took in the low, dirt-covered score of buildings forming Sage Alley; beyond these was a great expanse of sage-covered land and then the gray and blue line of the mountains, above which towered a single, snow-capped peak. It was all very wonderful, but agonizingly lonesome, to one from where trolley cars hummed and the marts of men made the music of trade. Martha's underlip began to quiver, and into her eyes stole just a suspicion of tears. In those days, before the end of the last century, much of the great West was still untamed. Today all that is changed, and what was grim reality for Martha seems to us like a mere fireside yarn of days gone by. Then, the spirit of the pioneers, and the unruly spirit of the rival factions that sprung up after the pioneers, still survived. Many parts of the West were not closely connected with civilization, by phonographs, by radio, by cheap automobiles, and by the hundred and one small inventions that serve to bring us all closer together, whether we live in the

country, in a small town, or in a mighty metropolis. If a girl like Martha abandoned her quiet home life, and came to a remote community like Tiptop, she had to expect that she would be almost completely cut off from the world she knew.

These men were not accustomed to invasion by gentle young ladies from the city. They knew how hard the life of a woman in such communities could be.

Harley Coffin came to his senses. In two steps he was by Martha's side, addressing her: "I presume you are Miss Bolton, the teacher for Tiptop. We're the trustees of the district. This is Mr. Blair and this Mr. Dett. I'm Mr. Coffin. The last teacher at Tiptop was a man, and he didn't get along very well; so we tried to get a woman this time who would understand some things. But we didn't expect—we didn't—"

There he broke off in much confusion, as something ridiculous in the whole situation struck him, and laughed. Martha laughed too, and so did the other trustees; and that broke the ice.

"You weren't expecting a girl,—that's what you meant to end with,—a girl who looks as if she didn't understand anything," Martha put in.

"Frankly, no, we were not expecting so young a person. The recommendations from your professors were so flattering we formed the impression—well, not that you were elderly,—but somewhat older."

"We expected to get a settled-down person," sagely observed Mr. Dett. Again a glimpse of tears appeared in Martha's eyes.

Mr. Coffin looked reprovingly at his associate.

"We have engaged Miss Bolton, and if we happened to overlook her age," he said, "we're not going to forget the excellent recommendations back of her. Come, we've a long drive, and Tiptop expects to give you a reception this afternoon, Miss Bolton. Our chief products up there are cattle, sheep and children."

Twenty miles of body-racking driving through the sage brush brought the party into the foothills and hard climbing through wonderful gorges and rich valleys dotted with sheep and cattle. Mr. Dett drove while Mr. Coffin sat with Martha.

"These are the Centennial plains we have left," he explained, "and now we're passing over an old trail Custer used in '74 when he explored the Hills. Everything about here is historic, and you'll enjoy that after you get acquainted. Sitting Bull made this his retreat for years. Wild Bill always claimed the face of God could be seen in the sunsets from that jutting rock over there. He sleeps under the White Rocks now."

"I have never been West," observed Martha, "and I have only known New Jersey. I don't mean to be rude, but you all speak such good English. I thought—"

"You thought we were all 'bad men' and dime-novel cow-punchers," interrupted Mr. Coffin. "Well, we have some queer characters out here; but the backbone of the West is formed of people of intelligence. Mr. Dett graduated at Heidelberg, Mr. Blair is from the University of Wisconsin, I'm of old Hamilton. You'll understand us in time.

There are fifty children at Tiptop to come under your care, and you'll get their hearts if you try to understand them—not from your viewpoint, but their own. Most young teachers fail because they make no effort to get into the child's place."

The glories of the lower ranges were unfolding before Martha as the ponies scaled the heights. Deep, blue-black shadows blotted out the details of the canyons, while the upper rock points were tipped with fire by the sun of the last day in August. Mr. Coffin spoke again.

"ONE caution, Miss Bolton. We are cattlemen at Tiptop; below us are the sheepmen. The two do not now agree. The feeling is bitter at times. Remember, so long as you are in our district, anything you may say openly must be in our favor. Personally I wish the two industries could be at peace, but it seems impossible. Be careful to remember that your money is coming from the cow-puncher, not the sheep herder."

This was Greek to Martha. She loved cattle and sheep alike, and why anyone should quarrel over them was incomprehensible; but she held her peace.

"Are you strong?" asked Mr. Coffin.

"I can row, swim, ride horseback, box and handle a rifle," answered Martha with a smile.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Blair, again taking in her slender figure with a critical eye. "I didn't know Jersey branded her girls that way."

The laugh over this had not ended when the piebalds pulled the buckboard round a sharp curve, flung out above a green gorge, and Tiptop came in view—a village lying in a cup of the mountains and having a hundred homes, general stores, corrals and a schoolhouse perched on the highest elevation in the cup. An American flag floated

over the school, and Martha could see there was a throng by the door.

"Ki-yi! Whoop-ee!" yelled Mr. Dett to the ponies, and they began to run, leaving an immense cloud of dust behind. In this way Martha dashed through Tiptop and was brought like a whirlwind to the mothers and children with whom she was to live for many a day. Before she fully realized what was happening Mr. Coffin had swung her out of the buckboard and was presenting her to a group of brown-faced, sweet-eyed women—his wife and the wives of other men.

Then came the children, ranging in ages from six to fourteen, all straight-limbed, fearless of eye, bronzed with kiss of the sun and

Dakota, beyond that, in a line of purple, Nebraska; to the southwest, the ridges of Wyoming; and to the northwest, the open that led to the Big Horn and Montana. This wonderful panorama did not hold her attention so much as a long view down the canyon and the sight of an armed body of horsemen riding upward. They appeared to have scouts and to be proceeding cautiously.

On the way back to the schoolhouse she met Billie Terwilliger, who was bubbling with excitement over the accounts he had

"Forward march!" she called to her pupils, and the small host at her rear took her step and advanced on Pompon. Pompon had never fought a woman. He sincerely believed according to his standard of life he had as much right to burn up Tiptop as Tiptop had to raid Piney and drive his herds away. Down in the village, his men, having driven the women and the few old men at home into the public square, were anxiously awaiting his signal for lighting the fires.

they get together like big men and settle the differences without fighting? They are only eating each other up, making anger worse with bloodshed. I know I don't understand it all; probably both sides are to blame; but big men don't shoot each other, Mother Coffin, and they don't frighten women and children. Oh, I'd like to be a man in a muss like this!"

The cool of the evening came down from the peaks. The lynx yawned on its sheltering ledge and scented afar the folds it would ravage when the hand of night rested heavily on the plains. Over Elkhorn and Tooth-Jaw the constellations cast their teasing radiance, and an aging moon hung low.



Pompon was in the saddle just in time to see a swarm of Tiptop and Overton cattlemen swoop down upon his own force

wind of the high altitudes. In all the confusion she noticed that no one acted as if embarrassed. She was welcomed as if she had always been one of them, although she did hear a boy's whisper come from behind her back! "Ain't she little? Say, a breeze 'ud take her off the range."

It was Herman, Dett's son, a boy of thirteen. She whirled quickly on him and caught his face between her hands, and cried: "Of course I'm little, but I can outshoot and out-ride you. Some day we'll try it." The boy colored, but did not drop his eyes. He was pondering a bit before he could ask, "Do you ride X or Y?"

Martha was momentarily puzzled. She felt she was under a child's test, that much of her future success with this mass of independence would depend upon her reply. What X and Y positively stood for she did not know, but something in the shape of the letters as that came to her mind brought the quick response to her lips:

"I ride X, as you do—I ride astride." A little later young Mr. Dett might have been heard informing his chums: "She's no maverick, if she does come from the East. She's real."

So Martha was taken into the hearts and homes of the people of Tiptop, having her own place of abode with the Coffins, her work with the children who were slowly building themselves into future food-producers of the world. For idleness, loneliness, regrets for much of city life that might have been missed, she had no time. Tiptop was a dynamo of energy.

NOT all of Martha's lines fell in pleasant places. Some of the people were very rough and did not understand her. Many things of refinement that she had enjoyed in the past were not to be had. And there was always upon the heart of every human being in Tiptop the shadow of trouble with the sheep men. The sheep were coming higher and higher on the range, and as the cattle were driven back by the grass-destroying characteristics of the invaders their own grazing grew scantier.

"Where we could once graze fifty thousand head, Miss Bolton," said Mr. Coffin one evening, "we now are restricted in this district to thirty thousand. If this keeps on, we'll have to move."

That night came trouble, in the form of a scrimmage in a small valley known as Piney Creek basin. News of the trouble worried Martha all morning. Shots had been fired.

At the noon recess she was still thinking of the bitter feeling between the sheep men and the cattle men. Walking to a lookout point in the range, she saw below her a vast sweep of plain. At her feet was South

heard of the previous night's fight with the sheep herders.

"All our men have gone to Overton this afternoon, teacher," he said, "and tonight they're going to brush the muttonheads out of Baldy Butte. Christmas, I'd like to see that scrimmage! They say Jeff Pompon—he's a boss o' the sheepies—is pickin' mad. Dad sent him word last week he was goin' to eat him alive."

"Billie," asked Martha, "did you ever think you might be able to do more with your brains than with guns?"

"Why, no, teacher. I guess brains wouldn't counted much at Piney last night."

Martha could say nothing to this, and the children were called to order for the afternoon's work. Perhaps half an hour had passed when without warning the door of the schoolhouse was roughly kicked open and there stood in its place, blotting out the sunlight, the figure of a tall man. In his hands lightly rested his pistols.

"Jeff Pompon!" gasped Billie Terwilliger. Martha paled. She instinctively felt the intruder was a sheep man and that he meant trouble. But Pompon left no doubt in her mind. Half-American, half-French, he was the boldest foreman of the sheep forces.

"You'll git yerself and the children out, ma'am," he said, his gray eyes burning into Martha's trembling heart, "fer we're goin' ter burn th' school an' th' town. We ain't fightin' wimmin an' babies, but we happened ter know Tiptop was alone today, an' we've got it. We're goin' ter leave our cards fer yer friends, th' cow-punchers, jest in return fer Piney last night. Now *vamosel* Tiptop's surrounded, an' we're 'bout ready fer th' bonfire."

They say blood counts. There happened to be in Martha's veins the wash of some old but rich ancestral crimson. Some of it had been at Quebec and some at Resaca de la Palma. Down near the peach orchard of Gettysburg certain stones marked where on both sides this blood had surrendered the sweetness of life to die like gentlemen. The startled eyes of the children were watching the dull edges of the muzzles of Pompon's guns. Martha's voice broke the silence: "You will not burn the schoolhouse or the town. If you try, you'll have to kill me and these children. Children, stand up, march to my desk and face the door—heads erect, toes out."

Dumbfounded, defied where he least expected it, Pompon helplessly glared at the marching children. As the boys and girls lined themselves at the desk Martha stepped to the front of them. Pompon's pistols dropped to a dead level with her eyes. They formed two shining lines of steel. If Martha saw them and the threat in the eyes back of them, she gave no evidence.

"HOLD on, ma'am!" Pompon snapped. He might just as well have told Harney's peak to fall off its pedestal.

The boys back of Martha had their fists clenched and the girls held their arms akimbo.

"You will go away, sir," shouted Martha, "and have no quarrel with women and children."

And at that moment from down in the village came a wild yell. Pompon swung from the door of the schoolhouse as if electrified. His horse was at the hitching rail, and he was in the saddle just in time to see a swarm of Tiptop and Overton cattlemen swoop down upon his own force. When the raiders had first struck the town in the early afternoon it had been Mrs. Blair who found one quick interval of time to use the Overton telephone and warn the assembled cattlemen they were sorely needed at Tiptop, six miles away.

Howls of rage broke the calm above Tiptop; pistol shots sent echoes flying down the gorges. Pompon's force fled in every direction, and the leader himself, giving his horse free rein, made for Boxwood canyon, pursued by a dozen or more cowmen.

"Beefanhide, teacher," roared Billie Terwilliger, "you've grit! Why, you buffaloe Pompon out of his boots!"

Martha faintly smiled. She didn't think she had done more than her duty, but this scene in the closing year of the nineteenth century had completely upset her notions as to just how far civilization had or had not progressed in the hearts of men. At her knees there was a queer shaking, and she would have liked to be back in the Jersey home with her head nestled on her mother's shoulder, a shoulder dedicated for years to tears and smiles.

She dismissed the children, feeling that book work for the rest of the day was impossible, and slowly made her way by a path somewhat removed from the main street of Tiptop to the Coffin home. Down in the square Johnny Blair was talking to a group of men.

"Talk about nerve," he declared. "Why Miss Bolton 'ud walk up to a cannon an' blow dust down it. Pompon had her covered; an' he was lookin' wicked, but d'ye think she laid down? I don't care if she is from th' East or anywhere else. She dared him to hurt us or th' town, an' he couldn't move till he heard dad's yell. She's grit."

At the Coffin home the women made much of Martha, and rough, hard-jawed men brought their horses up quietly, asking in whispers if they could do anything for her. But there was nothing to be done, but as she rested in her room and Mrs. Coffin held her close to her heart she exclaimed:

"This enmity between the cattle and sheep men is awful, Mother Coffin. Why don't

Mr. Coffin, who had been in the village since supper, came home hastily, angrily throwing himself into an easy chair.

"I can't do anything, mother," he said to his wife, who was reading with Martha.

"The Overton fellows have caught Jeff Pompon and brought him back. They've got him down in the square now, giving him a mock trial and they mean trouble. Dett, Blair, myself and some of the others tried to reason with them but their blood is up, and half of the Tiptop men are with them."

Martha knew instinctively what "trouble" meant. She knew that if she were to rescue Pompon from the angry, relentless mob she must act, and act without a moment's delay. Mr. Coffin, respected citizen of the town, had been able to do nothing. Why should she, who had never so much as seen a mob aroused, be able to quiet one? There was no time to worry, no time to wonder. She bit her lower lip fiercely, and turned.

THERE was the sound of a swish of skirts, and before Mr. Coffin and his wife could realize what was up Martha was out of the front door running down the street. Mrs. Coffin did not divine her purpose, but the husband did and was after her, racing like a madman. Fast as he was he could not overtake her, and she had fought her way through the crowd surrounding the prisoner and was standing in front of him when Coffin got there. He could hear her voice, low but every word distinct:

"I told this man this afternoon he would have to kill me and my school children before he could harm Tiptop. I'm only a girl, I know, but I tell you men now you'll have to kill me before you harm him. I come from a country where we deal in fair play. I was brought up to fair play. I was told long before I came here you people of the plains and mountains stood for fair play. Now your anger has got away with you—you're going to murder this man. Why don't you make peace, let the law rule and each man take fairly what is his own? Are you going to teach your children to be at each other's throat when they take your places? What's the use of the school if this man is murdered by you tonight? What afterwards can I teach your sons and daughters?"

The burly German, Dett, stepped forward and cut the bonds which held the dazed Pompon. The crowd parted, and his horse was led in to him. Sim Blair pointed to the gateway of the canyon which led down to the sheep land. Pompon swung into the saddle, gave a swift glance at the faces upturned to his, swept his hat from his head and bowed low to the girl Mr. Coffin was supporting.

"Adios," he whispered. "I will keep peace if Tiptop do."

And Tiptop did.



OUR long Maine winter was passing. March had come and with it, three days of rain that settled the snow from four feet in depth to less than two. Following the rainstorm, however, the weather had turned cold as Greenland again; the sodden snow froze like marble; and I recollect that the Old Squire glanced across the breakfast table that morning and said:

"Boys, if you want to try your hand at running lines, this is a good time for it. The best time of year for surveying in the woods is when there is snow crust hard enough to bear one's weight. There are no leaves on the trees then to obstruct the view. The red rings on the rods can be seen a long way ahead. You may take the compass with the plane and retrace the lines of the three lots we bought of the widow Gilchrist. Find the corners, if you can, and spot trees along the courses between them. This will be a good day for it."

There had been a controversy over the Gilchrist lots. The original survey had been made fifty years before, and, as often happens in forest land, the former "stakes and stones" at the lot corners, as well as the "spots" on trees along the lines, were largely overgrown and obliterated.

"To retrace those lines may occupy you for two or three days," the Old Squire added. "But there is a good, warm camp near by, where we did our lumbering last season. You can make that camp your headquarters, if you so desire, instead of coming home at night."

Nothing could have suited Addison or me better. At that age we had hopes of becoming surveyors, making long trips in the wild lands of Maine, locating lots and prospecting for lumber. On two previous surveying jobs we had assisted by carrying the tape and rods, but we had never thus far had charge of the plane and compass.

We hurried through breakfast and then had Theodora and Ellen fill a lunch basket with food to carry with us. The Old Squire brought out the compass in its green box, got the plane and rods from the front-hall closet and gave us an old survey book and pencil for our record. He also fetched the deeds of the lots from his room and gave us the courses with the distances on each course.

In theory it is no difficult matter to retrace lot lines by compass; but in practice the task is never so easy as it looks; often there are thick swamps, high hills or crags along the lines.

The lots in question adjoined others then owned by our folks; and the first known corner was at a distance of about five miles from home.

Before starting, too, the Old Squire was at some pains to explain to us the variation of the compass, which at that time, I think, was about twelve degrees. When the lots had been first surveyed, however, it was considerably less. The cause of this singular shifting of the needle has to be allowed for in all surveying.

An efficient survey party should consist of at least three persons besides the chief, who carries the compass: an axe man to go ahead and clear away obstructing brush and two others whose business it is to set the rods, keep the record and stretch the ninety-six-foot tape, now generally used in place of the old-fashioned surveyor's chain and links. But we had no help that day save one of the hired men at the farm, named Asa Doane.

WE set off presently, taking a gun and having our outfit packed on a hand-sled, which glided easily over the hard snow, and in the course of an hour reached the lumber camp, where we left our sled, basket and gun and then proceeded to our task, first setting the plane on its tripod at the lot corner and leveling it, verifying the course by compass and needle, in accord with that specified in the old deed, and afterwards setting up the rods along the course as far as could be seen ahead in the woods. Plane and compass were then carried forward again.

Surveying is painstaking work, especially for amateurs—too painstaking to be described in full. Many details have to be kept in mind. Addison did most of the mathematical work; but I recall that we were until long past noon retracing the south line of the lots, from the northeast to the southwest corner. This one we at last located by a faint mark the former surveyors had cut on a large rock.

Encouraged by this success, we then started a course along the west line and worked forward on that till sunset. We had not stopped for lunch and in consequence



Ad heard sounds at the horse camp, and grabbing the rope, yanked with all his might. The result was startling

## A Lively Night In Camp

By C. A. STEPHENS

Illustrated by WM. S. IRISH

had become hungry as well as cold. Nothing in the way of adventure had occurred thus far. But while going down to the camp we came upon a doe in a thicket of firs having at her side a fawn, evidently but a few days or perhaps only a few hours old. It was a tiny, trembling little creature scarcely able to stand alone. The doe bounded away, evincing no apparent solicitude for the fate of her offspring; and the night was so cold and windy that, fearing the little animal would perish, Asa caught it up and carried it with us to camp—his notion being that it might be taken down to the farm next day and allowed to suckle from a sheep or a cow.

While preparing our supper, however, the fawn proved so noisy that Asa put it out in the horse camp—a structure ten or fifteen yards distant from the man camp and a little to one side of it.

We had kindled a fire in the camp stove, which made the place so comfortable that very soon after eating our supper all three of us grew drowsy and almost immediately fell asleep, in spite of the whooping and chortling of a pair of owls that the smoke from the camp stove had disturbed. The serenade that the owls kept up probably prevented what went on at the horse camp from rousing us; for we discovered next morning that some ravenous prowler had forced open the unfastened door of the horse camp, throttled the fawn and devoured fully half the carcass.

"That was, no doubt, a bear just out of his winter den!" Addison declared. "He will be sure to come back by tonight, to get the rest of the fawn. If we had a bear trap, we could probably catch him."

Hanging on a peg at one end of the camp, was a coil of large rope, such as lumbermen call a warping-line, used for hauling rafts of logs across ponds; and I remember hearing

Addison remark that he believed we might rig a noose of that line, just inside the doorway of the horse camp, and by keeping awake be able to lasso the bear round its neck or body. "We could make the other end of the line fast here at the man camp and jerk the noose tight as he was stealing in," Addison explained.

"Wal, I guess there'd be high jinks round here, ef ye ketched him," was Asa's comment—which seemed quite probable.

But the weather showed signs of change. We were desirous of concluding our job before the snow crust softened and, after breakfasting, went immediately to resume our task of retracing lines.

Greater obstacles were encountered that day. A part of the north line of the lots was along the valley of a rapid brook which the recent rain had raised to a troublesome height. Establishing a course by compass there was difficult, and much time was lost. We had hoped to finish before night, but the afternoon drew on—with the east line still to be traced.

NOT much later, too, the girls were heard calling us. Ellen and Theodora had walked up from home to fetch us another basket of food; and with them had come Olin Mowbray, a visiting relative from Philadelphia, who had arrived at the Old Squire's the previous day, to be with us during the approaching maple-sugar season.

We gave up work and went down to the

camp together. Not only had the girls brought plenty of food, but they had come prepared to stay over night. Olin had helped draw a sled, on which were lashed the large basket of food, a lantern, blankets and a tarpaulin for dividing the old camp into two apartments.

A merry evening followed; but when we related what had happened out at the horse camp the night before there were apprehensive looks, and it was noticed that our visitor from the City of Brotherly Love was not inclined to venture outside after it grew dark and the owls renewed their serenade. Observing this, Addison continued expatiating on the terrible voracity of bears. "That old chap is almost certain to come back tonight," he assured us; and, more as a joke than otherwise, he again suggested rigging what hunters term a "twitchup" to catch the animal.

"But what will you do if you ensnare him?" Olin at length questioned.

"Why, shoot him!" Ad replied, laughing. "When you go home to Philadelphia, Olin, you'll like to be able to say that you have killed a bear in Maine. If we get this bear, you can take the gun and shoot it."

Addison and Asa continued talking, and finally, more for the sake of "queering" Olin than anything else, they made one end of the long warping-line fast to the "deacon's seat" of the bunk, then dropped the other end out of the small front window and strung it along the icy ground to the door of the horse camp.

Olin and the girls were not disposed to come outside to help; but Ellen at last consented to hold the lantern, by the feeble light of which ten feet or more of rope was converted into a slip-noose and hung up vertically just within the open doorway and out of sight. Where the lower portion of the noose rested on the ground, the rope was covered with sawdust previously used for bedding the horses; and the remainder of the fawn was tied to a stake driven into the earth about three feet beyond the noose inside the camp.

There was not much expectation of lassoing a bear; but the contrivance served to furnish a little fun with Olin who, like most city boys, was inclined to smile at many things in the country.

We were talking and making considerable noise about the camp until ten o'clock, or past—so much of it that Addison and I felt sure no wild creature would approach the place until later, if at all.

After the girls had left us we three boys with Asa lay down in the bunk fully dressed, except coat and boots. But we left the lantern burning. The surroundings were so novel to Olin that I do not think he closed his eyes once during the night. He lay next to me in the bunk, and I could feel him turning continuously, sitting up at times, as if to listen.

At last I became wholly oblivious; but sometime later—about two or three o'clock—I was roused by Olin gently shaking me.

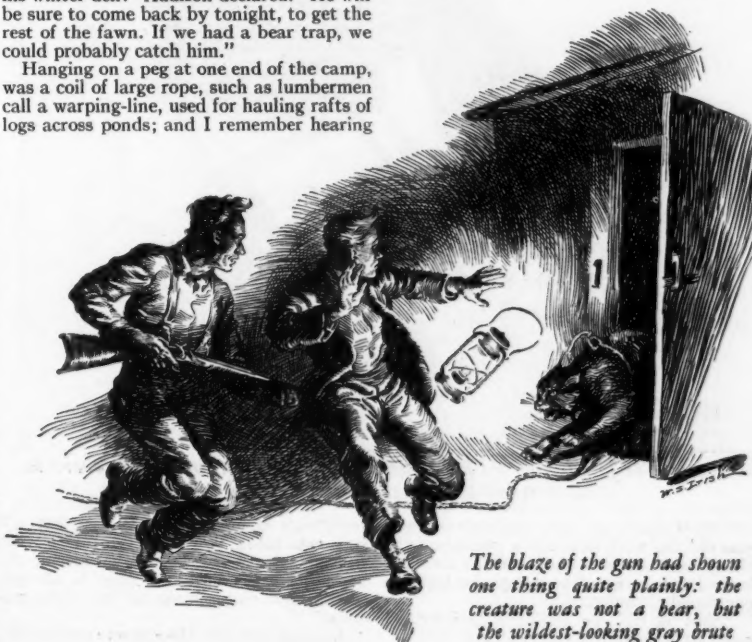
"I think the bear has come!" he whispered nervously. "I believe I can hear him!"

I listened; there really was a slight noise somewhere outside. I started to peep out; but just then Addison waked and went to the window. Nothing could be seen, for the night had turned cloudy and snow had begun to fall. But Ad heard sounds at the horse camp and, grabbing the rope, yanked with all his might and held fast.

The result was startling. An ugly sort of smothered yelp was heard, followed by the noise of a violent struggle. Ellen peeped from behind the tarpaulin. "Oh, what was that dreadful outcry?" she cried; and Asa, waking, jumped up, muttering, "Great Scott! but I guess you've ketched that bear!" Olin was standing upright in the bunk; Ad still grasped the rope with both hands, calling in low tones to Asa, to go to the door with the gun and shoot the bear. But Ellen and Theodora cried, "No, no; don't open the door!"

Asa went to the door, however, but was unable to discern anything amid the fast-falling snow-flakes. Judging from the sounds, the creature was dashing frantically to and fro. As afterwards appeared, it had been caught by the noose round its body, immediately back of its fore legs, probably while it was tugging at the carcass of the fawn. By chance Addison had jerked the line just at the right moment and the animal's bounds to break loose had drawn the noose tighter.

"Some of us must go out and shoot it!" Addison was saying, and he now adjured me





to sally forth with the lantern while Asa followed with the gun.

It was not a desirable undertaking; but after some talk we issued forth and, with lantern held high, edged cautiously forward from the camp door toward the horse camp. Nothing could now be heard. In the obscurity we could see very little. "I reckon he's broke away and gone!" Asa muttered.

"Not so, however. The beast had, I suppose, ceased its struggles to watch the light, for as we advanced it suddenly dashed out of the horse camp—to escape, most likely—and with a snarl came directly towards us—in fact, ran plump into us! Asa fired, or at least the gun went off close behind me, and in the fracas I dropped the lantern and made for the man-camp door. Asa close behind me!

The blaze of the gun had shown one thing quite plainly: the creature was not a bear, but the wildest-looking gray brute imaginable. I have to record that Asa and I betook ourselves within the camp *sans cérémonie*! Regardless of the proprieties, too, our Cousin Olin took refuge with the girls behind the tarpaulin. But Addison still held to the rope. "D'ye think you hit him, Asa?" he demanded. Asa was far from certain that he had hit anything, even the side of the horse camp! "Ad," he exclaimed, "that's no bear; that's a confounded catamount!"

"Nonsense!" returned Addison. "There isn't a catamount in Maine!"

"Wal, what is it then?" Asa insisted. "A lynx, perhaps, if it isn't a bear," replied Addison.

"You hold this rope, Asa," he added. "I'll go out."

Asa was quite willing to swap jobs; so was I; but the gun had first to be reloaded, which occupied some minutes. Afterwards on peering outside the door the faint glimmer of the lantern could be seen. It was lying in the snow and still burning.

"Haden't you better go get it?" Ad suggested to me.

"Don't you do it!" cried Asa. "I can feel that critter tugging at this line! Ef ye go out there, he'll come for ye!" The girls, too, were begging us not to venture out.

"Ad, that may prove to be a stray panther after all," Theodora exclaimed.

"I don't believe it," Addison persisted. "It's only a lynx"; and, holding the gun cocked ready to fire, he stole outside toward the lantern, alone.

"Look out, I tell ye! He's lyin' up all ready to spring!" Asa shouted after him. "Take care! I can feel him wiggle the rope! He's gettin' ready to jump!"

**A**NXIOUS now for Addison, I groped my way to the door to peer forth, when *bang!* went the gun and, blending with a yell from Asa, there came a savage snarl from outside. Next moment Ad fairly ran over me in the dark doorway, and the lynx, panther or whatever it was went headlong past, but was pulled up short by reaching the end of the line. It seemed to cut a half-dozen somersaults in the snow, growing furiously all the while, then bolted off sideways, only to be checked at the end of the rope. Unable to break away, it tore around in the dark as if crazed by rage or fear.

Ad and I picked ourselves up, and I clapped the door to. "Did ye hit him?" Asa asked. Ad made no answer at first, and I inquired if he were hurt, for the camp was dark as Egypt.

"No," he said shortly, "but that crazy brute knocked me flat before I saw him coming. I had the gun cocked. It flew out of my hands and went off! I've lost my cap, too!"

"Oh, what a night!" cried Theodora. "Do fasten the door and let's build a fire in the stove!"

"Yes, let's light a fire; it's horribly dark here!" Ellen exclaimed.

I began fumbling for matches; but Asa proved to have the box. "I'm still holding on to the line," he muttered. "Shall I cast off and let that howling satan go, line and all?"

"No, hold on! We'll get him yet!" Addison said.

After much ado there in the darkness, we contrived to strike a light and kindle a fire, much to the relief of the girls and Olin, who was now discovered pale and speechless and standing in the bunk.

"Oh, this is nothing to what we sometimes have up here in Maine," Addison assured him, after the light from the stove shone out; and the girls laughed outright in spite of their terrors.

What next to do, however, was not easy to decide. We had lost the gun as well as our lantern, which this time had been extinguished. A snowstorm was raging. Nothing could be seen outside the camp. But Asa was still holding the line fast, with both feet braced. Whatever it was that had been caught was making mad rushes to get free.

"We must wait till it grows light," Addison decided at last. "Then I will watch my chance to run out and get the gun."

"Wal, you can't expect me to hold on here like this, all that time!" Asa objected. "I'm about tuckered out!"

"Of course not, Asa. We'll take turns holding the line," Addison assured him, laughing. "Let me hold it awhile. Then perhaps Olin will help us for a spell."

Olin hadn't spoken. He no doubt wished himself in Philadelphia.

Addison held on for a time, then proposed that we all get hold with him and haul the beast up close to the logs of the camp, outside. The girls cried out against that. "But nobody need be frightened," Addison said. "It can't get in at that little window! We can drag it up tight against the logs, then perhaps we shall be able to see what it is."

Three of us now began pulling at the line and taking up the slack inside. First it came easy, then hard—all we could pull. Immediately, too, the most frantic struggles ensued—headlong jumps this way and that, followed after a few moments by wild snarls, growls and an awful howling!

"Pull!" Ad exhorted us. "We'll truss him up against the camp wall. Get hold with us, Olin!" The uproar outside was now truly frightful; the struggles that the animal made, too, really passed belief. It jumped so violently that three of us could barely hold it, and the squalls, yells and demoniac howls to which it gave vent were actually blood-curdling!

"Pull! Pull hard!" Ad cried, panting. "We're getting him! He's coming! I can smell his musky breath!"

All at once something gave way! Asa and I nearly fell on the hot stove. The creature had somehow gotten away, slipped out of the noose and gone!

"Thank goodness!" Ellen exclaimed, with a long breath of relief.

"And I'm not sorry it has escaped," Theodora said. "For, after all, the poor beast only came here because it was hungry!"

But Addison and Asa were much chagrined.

Olin now spoke for the first time. "By George! This beats me!" he ejaculated. "And for goodness' sake, what was it?"

That question was never answered beyond cavil. Asa always declared it was a catamount. "I saw it when the gun went off," he protested. "It was as big as a big Newfoundland dog."

With greater probability, Addison believed it to have been a lynx, since, as is well known, certain of the old males of this species grow to be large, formidable creatures that sometimes attack human beings.

**M**RS. HIGGINS wiped the perspiration from her brow and sighed. Then she seized the pump handle again and began to work it vigorously up and down. But her efforts were without result, and she desisted with a groan. "It ain't any use," she said. "It's give out completely, and I'll have to haul water from the barn for a month before Josiah'll get it fixed."

She went to the kitchen door and looked out. It was a radiant summer morning, just after a shower. The drops still hung on the trees and sparkled in the sunlight, while the little puddles lay all along the walk which led to the barn. Mrs. Higgins shook her head as she regarded the watery way, then turned and climbed the stairs. At the top she opened a door, and entered her own sleeping-room.

On the bed lay a man of mild and venerable appearance. A newspaper was carefully spread under his stockinged feet to keep them from contact with the snowy coverlid, and his head was elevated on several pillows. His hands were clasped over his stomach, and his pale blue eyes looked upward. His whole countenance expressed benevolence and content.

When Mrs. Higgins saw the object of his pleased contemplation, she groaned again. There had been a leak in the ceiling for some time, and during other showers the drippings through it had been collected in pans set on the floor beneath. Now her husband had propped under it a sort of a trough. To this was attached an old eaves-spout which carried the water out of the window, whence it fell in a gentle stream upon the flower bed below.

"Kind of a cute idea, ain't it?" he said. "I've got the thing lined with some old oil cloth so 'st the water can't run through."

"Josiah Higgins!" exclaimed his wife, "in half the time it took to fix that thing you could have mended the roof."

"I know it," said Josiah, "but I couldn't mend it after it began to rain."

"No," she said snappishly, "an' when it ain't rainin' it don't need mendin'. You do beat the Dutch, Josiah!"

Josiah turned his head slowly at the unusual inflection of her voice. His wife was a stout, rosy little old lady and gave the impression of being warm and soft and "pussy-catty." One almost expected to hear her purr. Today, however, there were grim lines about her double chin, and she looked more like scratching than like purring. Josiah gazed at her in mild surprise.

"What's the matter, Marthy?" he inquired sympathetically. "Don't you feel well?"

## Disciplining Josiah

By CATHERINE STONEMAN LONG

Illustrated by WILLIAM CAFFEY



It seemed to Josiah as if the house had suddenly become bewitched. The chairs he sat in spread apart at the most unexpected moments

"No, I don't, an' you wouldn't either if you did the work in a house where half the things was never finished, an' the rest was busted or wore out. The pump's broke," she continued gloomily.

"Sho! Is it?" he inquired genially. "I must git it fixed."

"That's what you always say, but it'll be a year before you do. There ain't enough baking powder to make the biscuit for supper, an' the lard and eggs is all out. You'll have to hitch up an' go to the grocery."

Josiah's face fell. He was so comfortable.

"Can't you get along some way without?" he said in plaintive tones.

Mrs. Higgins' answer was only a contemptuous sniff, but she arose from her chair and went out of the room, slamming the door noisily behind her. He looked after with some concern.

"It ain't often she gets so riled over a little thing," he meditated. "She'd feel better if she'd bile her a cup of tea." And with this comforting reflection his face resumed its accustomed lines of serenity; soon, lulled by the monotonous drip of the water, he fell into a refreshing slumber, all unconscious of the declaration of independence that was formulating itself in his wife's heart.

Josiah Higgins was a thoroughly amiable and lovable old man, about whom there was nothing remarkable except the attacks of inertia from which he suffered. But these were astonishing because of their duration and frequency.

He had never been known to finish anything that he began. He explained this peculiarity by saying, "I couldn't take any manner of pleasure in life if everything was all done. 'Twould seem just like I had nothin' left 'cept dyin'."

**T**EN years before, to his wife's great delight, he had decided to build a new house. When it was nearing completion he suddenly discharged the carpenters. "I guess I'll rest a spell now," he said, and he had been resting ever since.

A new house had always been Mrs. Higgins' ambition, but now that she had it its incompleteness was a source of vexation and soul weariness to the neat and thrifty woman. The priming coat of paint had soon worn off, and the building grew brown and weather-beaten. Its porchless front made her think of a man without a nose, and the two windows over the door were boarded up in default of glass, thus adding to the impression of an afflicted individual by suggesting blindness. Martha Higgins felt indeed that life held small satisfaction for her.

However, she was a patient soul and devoted in her affection for Josiah. She tended him and waited on him, hunted his collar buttons and uncomplainingly harvested the crops of newspapers which he sowed upon the floors all over the house. She admired him immensely and considered him capable of becoming a great man "if he'd only stick to tryin' to be one long enough."

As hopes of seeing the new house completed grew less, she adapted herself to circumstances as best she could. However, the proverbial worm was not to be compared



to Martha when she began to turn. While Josiah slept his wife pondered.

The result of her cogitations was plainly visible upon her countenance that afternoon as she again stood at her kitchen door and looked off toward the orchard. She saw her husband, seated at the foot of an old apple tree, engaged in his favorite occupation of contemplating his apiary. He spent hours in this quiet retreat, studying the habits of his bees and making curious and rickety hives out of the old boards that lay about.

The world was fresh and spicy after the rain. Nature had long since removed her wintry mantle, but today the orchard was powdered with a snow of flowers. Their fragrance, mingled with the suggestion of damp foliage, was borne to Martha's nostrils, and the satin petals drifted slowly down on Josiah's bent shoulders and his decrepit straw hat.

An expression of tenderness settled upon her features as she gazed at him, which passed away when it began to be apparent that something was happening. Josiah sprang to his feet and waved his arms frantically.

"They're a-swarmin', they're a-swarmin'!" he shouted. "Come quick!"

She dropped her dishcloth and, seizing a tin pan and a poker, made all haste to the spot. Josiah was rushing excitedly about trying to prop up a crazy hive for the reception of the buzzing cloud that whirled in the air near by.

"Kind of early in the season for them to swarm, but I knew they was a-goin' to the way they acted. I been watchin' them for two hours. Get to poundin', quick!"

Martha, accustomed to serve as an orchestral accompaniment at the periodical swarming of the bees, began a furious tattoo upon the dish pan. The cloud soon gave evidence of settling.

"Good! Keep it up, keep it up!" Josiah shouted, breathless and perspiring. "This is a swarm of Italians. I wouldn't lose 'em for five dollars. What's the matter?"

He looked around in astonishment, for the noise had ceased, and Martha was gazing thoughtfully up into the serene, blue sky. "Looks like rain again," she remarked abstractedly.

"Why in all creation don't you keep on drummin'!" he demanded.

"Oh, I'm tired," said his wife indifferently, "an' it takes so long. Maybe they'll go in themselves. They look like they was most ready to." And without further remark she walked slowly back to the house.

Josiah looked after her in amazement, his grasp upon the beehive loosened, and it fell to the ground with a crash, startling the swarm of bees, which was just about to settle. The cloud arose and passed gracefully way over the tree tops.

"Consarn it," he growled, "if she'd kept on poundin' a minute more they'd 'a' gone in. What ails her anyhow?"

JOSIAH had a hard time that afternoon. Another swarm came out, and this he also lost, for, irritated by the defection of Martha, he did not summon her again to his assistance. It was a tired and disgusted man that entered the house in answer to the supper bell, but like all indolent people he was extremely optimistic.

"I'll feel better when I git somethin' to eat," he remarked. But alas for the futility of human hopes! The first thing that his

eye fell upon when he was seated at the table was a plate of curious, round objects which in shape at least suggested one of his favorite dishes; but were these, the flaky, delicious dreams of delight that Martha was accustomed to serve?

"Seems to me," he said doubtfully handling one of them, "your biscuit ain't as light as usual?"

"There wa'n't no bakin' powder, so I made 'em without," said Mrs. Higgins with a jerk.

He laid down the biscuit with a sigh and turned his attention to a fine steak which he

a-goin' up town to the elder's meetin', an' I can't find a thing to put on."

"Oh, I dunno," said Martha, presenting a red and expressionless face. "I guess they're around somewheres; but I don't believe you can wear any of 'em. There ain't any of 'em quite done."

"Well, where's a clean old one then?"

"Why, I guess there ain't any except what you got on. I tore 'em all up for rags. They were all worn out anyhow."

"Well, what be I a-goin' to do then?" he inquired helplessly.

"Oh, I dunno," said Martha with a fine



On the bed lay a man of mild and venerable appearance. A newspaper was carefully spread under his stockings feet to keep them from contact with the snowy coverlid. His whole countenance expressed benevolence and content

had selected at the market the day before. It proved to be almost raw. If there was anything Josiah disliked, it was rare meat.

"I should think this steak would be better if it was cooked a little more," he suggested with some hesitation.

"The fire burned out before I got through cookin' it, an' there wa'n't any more wood cut," was the grim answer.

Josiah sat silent for a moment. He did not at all understand his wife's attitude. Heretofore she had always managed to furnish a good meal even when the pickings in the pantry were poor, and as for wood—why, she always cut it herself when he forgot it.

"Well," he said at last, "I ain't very hungry, an' I reckon I won't eat anythin' but my pie."

"There ain't any pie," responded Martha gloomily; "I told you this mornin' we were all out of lard."

Josiah stared hard and curiously at his wife. Then his mouth opened but closed again with a snap that cut in two a sentence that was just issuing forth.

He arose with a calm though assumed dignity and went upstairs, too entirely overcome to express himself. Presently his wife, who was clearing away the untasted repast, heard him opening and shutting bureau drawers and closet doors. Then he came to the head of the stairs and called:

"Marthy! Where's my new shirts? I'm

unconcern. "Can't you get along somehow? Maybe you can pin 'em up." And with that she returned to her tasks.

Josiah went back to the chamber. He sat down on the bed and rubbed his fingers through his scanty locks and asked himself what in the world Martha meant! Neither his inner consciousness nor his previous experience with her could explain any of these unusual occurrences. His wardrobe had always been her particular pride and care, and, if everything did not lie ready to his hand when he made his toilet, she ran with loving solicitude to wait upon him.

After a while he continued his search. It was rewarded by the finding of one shirt which was complete with the exception of the buttonholes. He accepted Martha's advice and resorted to pins. His efforts were painstaking in more senses than one and gave rise to remarks that he was not likely to repeat at the elder's meeting. Then, holding one wounded finger in his mouth, he sought for his Sunday clothes, which he found in a heap on the floor where he had last stepped out of them. Having donned these, he sallied forth with attire and temper equally ruffled.

From this day it seemed to Josiah as if the house had suddenly become bewitched. The chairs that he sat in spread apart at the most unexpected moments. The handles separated from the cups, just as he raised

them to his lips. He stumbled over holes in the carpets and suffered dyspepsia from the strange dishes which were always short of some necessary ingredient—salt, pepper, and goodness knows what.

Most dreadful of all, was the change in his wife. From a cheerful and happy little woman, always equal to any emergency, she had become a cross-grained, untidy cynic who seldom spoke, and when she did she exploded short, abrupt sentences which were like slaps of cold water in the face of poor Josiah.

Strange to say, however, it was weeks before he detected any method in her madness. He utterly failed to comprehend that she was demonstrating a problem in personal equations, or that his own lapses of memory and lack of energy were in direct proportion to her culinary failures and the collapse of his surroundings.

BUT one day he sat in his old seat out in the orchard. He had retired there after an attempt at dinner, frustrated by the failure of a table leg which caused such a hopeless mingling of food and broken china that he had lost his appetite.

As he pondered the ever vexing question, an idea presented itself to him. At first it seemed elusive, but he grasped after it with persistence and was finally able to clutch it firmly and examine it carefully. Then he drew his lips together for a low whistle. Soon afterward he left the orchard, harnessed up the horse and drove to town.

The next morning when Josiah and Martha were eating breakfast with their plates balanced upon their knees in default of a table, there was a loud knocking at the front door.

"It's the carpenters come to build the front porch," announced Josiah in as matter-of-fact a tone as he would have used if Martha had expected them.

Almost at the same moment there was a vigorous rat-a-tat-tat at the back door, and when Martha answered the summons she found a man who said that he had come to see about "that pump." A little later in the morning, when a wagon appeared bearing a new dining-room table and several stout, handsome chairs to match, her expression was a study. She could not even look at Josiah, but hastily retired to her chamber, where she burst into tears, whether of joy or remorse no one, not even she herself, could tell. That day, however, the happy man feasted as he never had before, and the smiles exchanged across the new table were like those of lovers.

A few weeks later the Higginses sat on the front porch in the decline of day. Prim and self-conscious, they returned the greetings of such of their friends as passed by. There was a delightful odor of fresh paint in the air, and the newly set panes of glass sparkled in the last rays of the evening sun. As the dusk fell the pair, garrulous enough at first, grew silent. Presently Martha began to speak in a low and quavering voice.

"Josiah," she said, "I've been tryin' to tell you for a long time back. I don't think I done right to treat you the way I did, so mean, all these weeks. I'm—I'm sorry, Josiah, an' I shan't ever do it again."

Josiah reached out in the darkness and took her hand in his. He hesitated a moment, and then he patted it gently. "Well, Martha," he said, "I guess you won't ever have to."

"Just how do I get there?" asked Cameron, starting for the door.

"Easy. Up this street two blocks and over one. You can't miss it. It's three doors the other side of the school. And there's a sign out in front which says, 'Miller's Rooming House.' You can get your meals there, too. Ask for Mrs. Miller and tell her I sent you."

"Thanks!" Cameron got to the door, stopped, faced about awkwardly and came back, holding out his hand.

"Mr. Doyle, I won't ever get over appreciating what you've done for me!"

"Don't mention it, son," rejoined the station agent. "Drop around again and let me know how you're getting on."

Dusk had fallen as the factor's son set out from the station up the main street of Deep River. He was not aware of it, of course, but his every footstep was watched until he turned from sight. And then old Bob, answering once more the urgent click of the telegraph, shook his head as he uttered an exclamation of sympathy.

#### IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 4

THE telegraph began to click spasmodically, and old Bob grabbed pencil and paper to take notes; orders for a freight which was to pull through at 8.04. He'd have to leave the slip for the night man.

"What am I going to do?" Cameron asked as old Bob finished. The youth was near a breakdown.

"Well—it's getting too complicated for me," confessed the station master, "but I'll tell you what I'd advise for the present. Forget it! You've had a long, hard trip, and you're almost plumb wore out. Get a room somewhere and turn in early. Then get up fresh in the morning and, like as not, a bright idea will get up with you. That's the way she usually works with me when I'm up against something tough!"

Cameron's face brightened. Here was a good suggestion. There was nothing that he could do immediately. He would have to be finding a place to stay. But he would also have to be watching his small bank

roll! This fact dawned upon Cameron now for the first time and brought a stab of terror. He had carried little more than enough money with him to see the trip through, expecting, of course, that he would be taken care of at the end of his journey.

"Moulton Pierce is due back in a couple of days," added old Bob, encouragingly as he noted the look of alarm on Cameron's face. "Pierce'll help you. Chase that worry away, son. Everything's going to come out all right. Just takes time, that's all. Pshaw! You haven't been here three hours yet!"

Cameron forced a smile and tried to follow the optimistic counsel of the old station master. He strode over to the corner of the ticket office and picked up the bag containing his possessions.

"I don't suppose you want to put up at a very expensive place," surmised old Bob, "so I'd steer clear of the Beaver Inn. But there's a house three blocks away, on the Roosevelt Road, the road that's being paved. Most of the boys in the construction gang are staying there. You'll find the prices reasonable."

## Cameron MacBain Backwoodsman

By HAROLD M. SHERMAN and HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN





## Pocket Ben

"Meet you at 4  
... SHARP!"

WHEN you promise to meet a fellow, he expects you to be there on the minute.

Keeping dates usually depends on having a watch you can rely on.

Here's one with a world-wide reputation for good time-keeping.

Men and boys all over America carry Pocket Ben every day. This sturdy, every-day watch is Big Ben's brother. Both of them are Westclox.

Pocket Ben is sold everywhere, \$1.50. With luminous night-dial \$2.25.

WESTERN CLOCK  
COMPANY  
La Salle, Illinois

"Poor kid! I'm afraid he's due to run head-on into a trainload of trouble!"

THERE were two hundred and thirty-one pounds of Mrs. Miller, as the scales had it, but for all of that the sizable landlady possessed a superabundance of good humor. Not that she believed in the slogan, "Laugh and grow fat," for, if she had, the chances are that she would have chuckled her good humor overboard. Mrs. Miller enjoyed running the biggest rooming-house in Deep River, even though it wasn't the best. And the boys enjoyed her. She had been jolly on general principles at first, and for business reasons afterward, when she found how her chuckles and laughs kept the roomers from complaining.

It is no wonder then that Cameron, all unsuspecting, was figuratively snatched to the bosom of this good-spirited landlady, who saw nothing in his ill-fitting gray suit, his funny north-country cap and his heavy shoes to indicate that he would prove other than a further addition to her generally satisfied and highly profitable family.

Cameron, in fact, was quite warmed by the unmistakable heartiness with which he was welcomed. This, at least, was more after the quality of hospitality to which he had been accustomed. The landlady did not question his identity for one instant. The chances were she was glad he had any at all, and it could readily be proved that he was somebody. To her the name MacBain was just a name. She would use it only when collecting her bill.

IN half an hour after meeting the biggest woman in Deep River Cameron was being seated at a table with fifteen raw-boned construction men, before one of the biggest meals he had ever feasted his eyes upon.

Mrs. Miller made no attempt to introduce him around. She merely let forth a deep-throated giggle and said, "Here, boys, shove over and let Mr. Cameron Mick-Bain get his elbows in!"

The men shoved, as instructed, or, rather, it was more like a well-ordered shift which opened up a place at one end of the table almost miraculously. The men were seated on long benches; so all that remained for Cameron to do was to slide in under the table top, putting a foot on either side of the table leg, and to lay hold of a knife and fork. Being the last one down, the factor's son was kept busy for the next few minutes by the automatic line of dishes which commenced coming up to him from both sides. The men had apparently paid little attention to him other than to start a procession of food his way. Cameron was exceedingly glad of this. He had been a little fearful that he might be made again an object of curiosity, and it was a relief to discover that his addition to the table had created not so much as a ripple. The men kept up an incessant jabber of conversation; there was harsh laughter; there were harmless taunts and comments entirely meaningless to Cameron, who kept his head inclined, for the most part, toward his plate. But, even so, Cameron soon became acquainted with the fact that the broad-shouldered fellow at the other end of the table was boss of the gang. Most of the men called him Joe, though once or twice Cameron heard him spoken of as Polaski, which name he could remember because of its similarity in sound to Alaska.

Toward the close of the meal the talk shifted to a subject which gradually drew the attention of the factor's son. He had to piece most of the remarks together and then got very little sense from them except that they referred to Deep River and had to do with land sites and water power and transportation, topics which ordinarily would have held no interest for Cameron but which now excited his curiosity. And gradually, too, as he listened he wondered what significance these remarks had, if any, to the holdings of his late uncle. While he was pondering this new thought, the words of Joe Polaski caused him to fumble a mouthful of food and to stare at the speaker with fork upraised.

"Evans—he's a wise bird. He's buying up everything in sight; he knows that property values are going to go sky high!"

Evans? Evans? Where had Cameron heard the name Evans? Oh, yes, old Bob had mentioned it. Evans was one of the ex-ex—well, anyhow, one of the men in charge of the will! Cameron felt a tingling sensation go through him. He leaned forward, hoping that more would be said about Evans, but, to his disappointment, the conversation took another sudden shift,

and loud laughter broke up what had started out as a serious discussion.

After dinner the men pushed their chairs back and talked, but Cameron, feeling now a bit out of place, arose and left the dining-room, climbing the two flights of stairs to his room. The room itself was nothing to boast about and was the cheapest that Mrs. Miller had. It was just large enough to hold an old-fashioned iron bedstead, a much scarred-dresser and a straight chair. A small window looked out upon an alleyway, a



Mrs. Miller possessed a superabundance of good humor

sight which was none too pleasant. Cameron reflected ruefully that, for this and three meals a day, he was to pay out two dollars.

It was still rather early in the evening. Cameron tried to stay cooped up in the room, but there was something about the dinginess of the place which got on his nerves. The factor's son opened the window and peered out. An overwhelming desire came to Cameron, a desire to be out in the open, to take a walk, and to tell his troubles to the blinking universe overhead.

NO one noticed the boy from the Far North as he crept down the stairs and slipped out into the welcome darkness. Once outside Cameron felt his nervousness vanish. He found that the night had quite effectively blotted out unfamiliar scenes, and that he could almost imagine he was at home again by keeping his eyes aloft. Cameron swung along at a good pace, holding his direction in mind so that he would have no difficulty in returning.

He was alone—oh, how alone! The sound of a door slamming caused him to break into a run. Each dwelling or tree might be hiding some form from view which had evil designs upon him. The sooner he could get back to his room the better!

But Cameron's return course lay directly past the building which had been pointed out to him by old Bob as housing the business that his uncle had owned, and curiosity is sometimes a more compelling emotion than fear. The factor's son slowed down to a walk as it occurred to him where he was. The store stood upon the corner, quite the most conspicuous building on Deep River's main street because of its brick construction. It was two stories in height and extended back to the alley, with doors at the front, side and rear. Cameron stopped in front, looking up at a fixed sign which read, "Deep River General Store—Cameron MacBain, Proprietor." The sign gave Cameron a start. It was the first time he had ever seen his name in print! How odd it looked! But there it was in great, black lettering—CAMERON MACBAIN.

What an outstanding character his father's brother must have been to have made the name such a byword in a community the size of Deep River! The thought had the effect of quickening Cameron's resolution.

"My uncle had to come to a strange country alone," reasoned the youthful namesake, "and he must have had lots of hard things to put up with when he wasn't much older than me. Looks like this Cameron MacBain ought to be able to stand a little something!"

Encouraged, Cameron was seized with the impulse to secure as good an idea of the general store as the darkness would permit. He peered in at the front window, with its display of miscellaneous merchandise barely visible in the gleam from the corner street light. The interior of the store was cast in deep shadows; and all that Cameron could make out were the aisles and counters and here and there a cardboard sign hanging from a post. But, hello! there was a faint streak of light showing from the back!

Perhaps, if he should go around to the rear of the building and take a peek in the window nearest the illumination, he might

## You, too, can build an INDEPENDENT INCOME

with **6½%** SMITH  
BONDS

TODAY, when means are provided for thrifty men and women to invest their savings in sound securities, the way to financial success is open, and the rules are simple and few:

- 1 Set aside a part of each month's income as capital;
- 2 Invest that capital in good bonds to produce more income;
- 3 Insist upon safety.

The longer you follow this method, the faster your money grows; for, obviously, the more income you receive the more bonds you can buy; and the more bonds you buy the more income you receive. As to the third rule, by insisting upon safety you make sure that you will hold all of your gains.

SMITH BONDS combine the interest rate of 6½% with the security of first mortgages on modern, income-producing city property, and with safeguards that have resulted in our record of

### No Loss to Any Investor in 54 Years

As a result of this record, confidence in SMITH BONDS is world-wide. Men and women in 48 States and in 51 countries and territories abroad have bought SMITH BONDS by mail:

You may buy SMITH BONDS in \$1,000, \$500 and \$100 denominations, outright for cash, or under an Investment Savings Plan that pays the full rate of bond interest—6½%—on regular monthly payments of \$10, \$20, \$30, \$40, \$50 or more.

Mail the form below for our booklets, "Fifty-Four Years of Proven Safety" and "How to Build an Independent Income."

## THE F. H. SMITH CO.

Founded 1873

SMITH BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.  
285 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON ST. LOUIS  
PITTSBURGH BUFFALO MINNEAPOLIS ALBANY

Please send me copies of your two booklets as advertised in the Youth's Companion

I have \$..... Please give me your recommendations for investing this sum at 6½% with safety and assured income.

It is understood that this request involves no obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....



get a better glimpse of things. It would only take a minute at any rate. The factor's son looked to right and left. Not a soul in sight. He put his feet in motion, turning the corner and passing along the side of the building, not stopping until he came to the intersection of the street and alley. It was darker here, requiring a moment for Cameron to discern that there were two windows in the rear of the general store, one on either side of the door. On the farther side of the door from him stood a barrel and a drygoods box, half-filled with waste material. The blinds in the windows were down, much to Cameron's disappointment, but light gleamed from around the edges of the blind on the window directly opposite the barrel. Cameron debated long seconds, wondering if he should venture into the alley, and, as he did so, he thought he heard the sound of some

"All right, Jeff, turn her out," Cameron heard an unfamiliar voice direct, as he dropped down behind the barrel.

The meagre illumination was immediately cut off, for which Cameron was thankful. The man referred to as Jeff joined the other two at the door, and there was the jingling of keys and the turning of a lock. Then he heard clearly the unmistakable voice of Mr. Stearns:

"Oh, he's the boy all right, but he hasn't any proof that would hold good in court, and he can't get it until next year!"

There was a moment of breathless suspense for the figure behind the barrel as the man with the keys made reply.

"Well, if we hold him off until after the first of October, his proof won't do him any good anyway."

The first of October! Why—why—that



Cameron strained his ears for another sound. What could anyone be doing in the store—in his uncle's store—at such an hour?

one laughing! Peculiar—the sound had seemed to come from the store! Breathlessly, Cameron strained his ears for another sound. It did not appear that he had heard aright. What could anyone be doing in the store—his uncle's store—at such an hour?

Acting upon a strong impulse, Cameron crept into the alley and up beside the barrel, having to feel his way in between it and the dry-goods box, to a position where he could look through the window. A fortunate slit in the blind made it possible for the factor's son to see within; and what he saw caused him to gasp in astonishment.

There, sitting on the edge of a chair, not ten feet away, was the big-chested form of Mr. Stearns! The man upon whom Cameron had called but a few hours before sat directly facing the window. His lips were drawn back in a smile. Facing him were two other men, seated, but with their backs toward Cameron. All three were in a little partitioned-off space which was used as an office.

THE factor's son drew back instinctively, as it appeared that Mr. Stearns was looking directly at him.

Cameron raised up cautiously and started to feel his way out from between the barrel and the drygoods box. At that moment his attempt to escape was arrested by the sound of the rear door opening. A thin shaft of light shot into the alley from the store.

was less than two weeks off! Could the three months' period allotted for an attempt to locate his uncle's possible heirs be so nearly up? Cameron found himself straining forward in an effort to hear more as the men turned from the door and started down the alley toward the street.

"Evans, it was your fault that the radio message was sent," said a voice which the factor's son again recognized as belonging to Mr. Stearns.

Evans? That one of the names the station agent had—Hold on—there was Evans speaking!

"Yes, I suppose it was my fault. But I thought we ought to satisfy Pierce. He kept suggesting it; and besides, the will says that we have to try to locate the heirs, and I—"

The rest of the sentence was lost to Cameron, even though he risked detection by creeping out into the dark alleyway. Dumbly, the factor's son watched the three men reach the side street and turn off upon it, disappearing from view. Then, with an overwhelming sense of the opposition which was being plotted against him, he retraced his steps to the boarding-house and crept up the stairs to his room, where he spent the night in wakeful and almost terror-stricken apprehension of what the morrow might bring.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

# Do the boys say this about you?



Now and then, you hear boys say—

*"Oh, girls are all right, but they're not quite as fair and square as fellows."*

What girls are they talking about?

CERTAINLY, they're not talking about the typical girl of today... for the girl of today is fair and square. Any boy who has watched girls taking part in games knows that. Modern girls care as much for good sportsmanship as boys do. They play by the rules and they don't take advantage of an opponent.

Sometimes, in a game of hockey or basket-ball, it's difficult to remember the rules of fair play... but you do it just the same. You wouldn't think of not playing fair. It's the only thing worth doing in any game.

How about playing fair with yourself? Did you ever stop and think about that? It's every bit as important as playing fair with others.

Do you play fair with yourself—in the matter of health, for instance? Do you give yourself the chance you should have—do you live according to the rules of health?

The rules of health are much simpler than the rules of the games you play... you'll find them easy to remember. Fresh air and exercise; plenty of sleep; good, wholesome food and—no artificial stimulants!

A specially important rule for you to remember—no artificial stimulants! Artificial stimulants—like tea and coffee, for instance—don't belong in a healthful diet. You can't drink coffee and play fair with yourself!

Did you know that the aver-

age cup of coffee contains from 1½ to 3 grains of caffeine? Caffeine is a drug-stimulant. Caffeine often causes days of "feeling tired"... nervousness and headaches. So avoid those drinks which contain caffeine.

But you want and need a hot drink at mealtime. There's no reason why you shouldn't have it. Postum is just the drink for you! Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted, with a little sweetening. You'll enjoy the delicious flavor—the wholesomeness of Postum!

Like a great many young folks, you'll specially like Instant Postum, made with hot (not boiled) milk. Even though you don't like milk plain, you'll enjoy this splendid drink. And just consider the combination of healthful milk and elements of pure grain!

Thousands of boys and girls have made a thirty-day test of Postum—made-with-milk—in that length of time they are able to see what a really beneficial drink it is... and they keep right on drinking it! Try this out for yourself—you'll be able to notice a difference. Start today on the test... your grocer has Postum or we will send you the first week's supply, free. Just mail the coupon below.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.-Y. C. 3-27  
POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.  
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup)

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

When writing to advertisers please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



## Down with scalp-locks and cow-licks!

KEEP them down, keep every hair of your head neatly in place all day long, with—

The new Glo-Co, now on sale at drug stores, barber shops and department stores everywhere. There's nothing else like it. It isn't a messy, sticky cream which mats down the hair. It isn't over-scented. It is a refreshing, healthful, liquid preparation which keeps the hair lustrous, and fights dandruff too.

Glo-Co Shampoo is as good as Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing—your doctor would recommend it. If you can't get Glo-Co products at your dealer's, send \$1 for full-size package of each preparation. Address Glo-Co Company, Dept. J-3, 6511 McKinley Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

## GLO-CO LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

**HOME Gardens**

The delight of home gardening—the joy of "seeing them grow" can be yours. Send today for **ISBELL'S SEED ANNUAL**. Over 400 illustrations—20 pages in natural colors. **FREE** It tells what and how to plant, to grow prize winning vegetables and flowers. Guaranteed need of quality. Write today.

**S. M. Isbell & Co. Seed Growers**  
459 Mechanic Street (26-A)  
JACKSON, MISS.

## FREE TO BOYS

**"THE SHOOTER'S ART"** Send Now! Tells how to hold, aim and handle rifles; helps you guide others in correct knowledge of guns. Gives facts that make crack shots. Contains safety and common sense instruction every parent and boy should have. Helps to make boys leaders. Your copy free. Write at once.

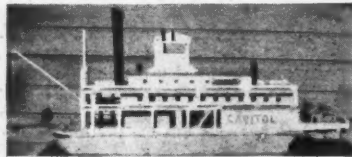
**The NEW BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE**  
America's Original Air Rifle  
\$5 at your dealer's or sent postpaid. Write! BENJAMIN Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 627 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

**Print Your Own**  
Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Complete outfits \$9.95. Job press \$11.25. Rotary \$14.95. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalog presses type etc. **THE KELSEY CO., P-79, Morriston, Conn.**

**Wrestling Book FREE**  
Learn wrestling at home from former world's champion Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells how. Secret holds, blocks, tricks revealed. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men easily. Write for free book. State age. **Farmer Burns School, 2503 Railway Bldg., Omaha, Neb.**

## 67th Weekly \$5 Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting a project of unusual merit. Such an award raises an Associate Member automatically to the grade of full Member."



NO ship model constructor has done better than the builder of the Capitol, the Mississippi River steamboat pictured above. The designer is John Pearson (16) of West Branch, Ia. Just as it is natural for a Member in the East to work on the famous clipper ships, so is it natural that Member Pearson, hailing from the Middle West, should turn his attention to a Mississippi River boat—those fascinating old steamers which were once, before competition sounded their death knell, among the most important passenger and freight carriers in the commerce of the United States. Iowa is one of the five states whose eastern boundaries are marked off by the course of the Mississippi River, and Member Pearson illustrates the now well-known fact that no Member need go far from home to find materials worthy of his best efforts.

There could be no better opportunity than this for referring Members to one of the finest volumes of reminiscence ever written—Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." Here you will find every detail of the history of Mississippi River boats set forth with interest and fascination. They are the boats which Mark Twain himself piloted through the treacherous and difficult lengths of the Mississippi, and which, in his own words, were so constructed that they could "travel on a good heavy dew."

This is not Member Pearson's first distinction. On October 1, 1926, he was given a Special Award for a toy crane.

## Special Cash Award

Extract from By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "At the option of the Director, one or more Special Cash Awards, not exceeding \$2.00, may be granted every week to Members or Associate Members submitting deserving projects or suggestions. Such an award raises an Associate Member automatically to the grade of full Member."

**MEMBER** Royal Werth (14) of Warner, S. D. is shown here standing beside the magazine rack of his own construction which wins for him a Special Award. The height of the rack over all is 36 in. and its width is 21½ in. The depth from front to back is 11½ in. The four shelves are 20 in. long by 11½ in. wide. The completed work was given three coats of mixed stain and varnish, including the wall-board back, and was sandpapered between each coat.



## This Magnetic Coupon

THE second ten thousand Applicants are on their way.

Several important plans are on foot which will tend to make the Lab an even more valuable and interesting Society for all boys everywhere than it has been for the previous eighteen months. Interest continues to grow greater day by day.

It is still far from too late to enroll yourself for the many financial and scientific benefits which Lab membership brings. Striking though the progress of the Society has been since its creation, it is still in its early years. When applications for membership reach 100,000, as they will some day, it will be a distinction to be known as so early an applicant as, let us say, the 12,321st. Here is your coupon.

## ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab  
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work.

The Youth's Companion, containing the weekly proceedings, projects and cash awards of the Y. C. Lab, is received regularly at my home.

Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature . . . . .

Address . . . . .

3-10 . . . . .

When writing to advertiser's please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below

## THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys



## The Foozlebobs Are Coming!

This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab



Action! Weary Willie in terrified flight before the intrepid pursuit of the Lion-Hearted Town Constable

THE Lab has out-cheeried the Cheerio Birds! The bizarre fauna published on the Lab page for last November 11 are already outmoded. We feel that we've satisfied one major characteristic of the scientific mind: we have not hesitated to attempt an improvement where few believed improvement was necessary. We have not idled along with a "that's good enough" philosophy. No. And that's why the Foozlebobs replace the Cheerio Birds of earlier fame.

The great advantage of the Foozlebob is that his variety of mood is infinite. Once a

The head is another golf ball with a single hole drilled in it about ¼ in. deep. A piece of wire 2½ in. long goes into this hole and the other end of it into the top of the body. For eyes we used small upholstery tacks, both black and brass finished. The nose is whittled out of a small bit of wood and pegged into the face with a short brad. Drive the brad in first; nip it off, leaving about ¼ in. sticking out; punch or drill a hole in the back of the nose and cement it on this peg.

The mouth can be painted on, as can the hair in some instances. That is about all that can be written about their construction in the main essentials. But the trimmings—ah, there's where the ingenuity is tested!

Take, for instance, the Tramp pictured in the article. The Tramp's beard was made by putting glue in the right places and sticking on short bits of old fur. His hat was a tin cap from a small can of glue, tacked to his happy-go-lucky skull. His cigar was a bit of a match painted—even to the glowing end.

The Pirate has a moustache of real fur, too. His face and hands were painted copper color.



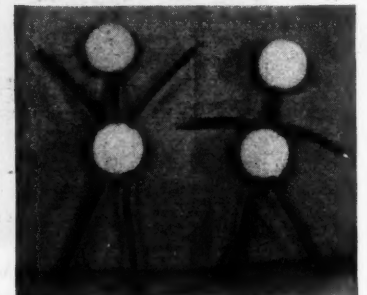
Member O'Connell deeply engaged in the fascinating business of fabricating Foozlebobs

Cheerio Bird, always a Cheerio Bird, with no change in posture, outlook, humor or philosophy. But the Foozlebob—there's a bird! He will take any mood or attitude that suits you. He will be grave or gay, gentle as the dove or raging as the lion. He will threaten, he will cajole. He can be a coward, a hero, a ruffian, a fool. He is clay-soft to your ideas. You can bend him to and at your will.

And he is not arduous to construct. The materials are simple. Two golf balls (and we're in luck, because the cheapest are the only ones we can use) and some No. 14 heavy-insulated lead-in wire, and that's about all except a little paint and a bit of cloth, and so on. The balls cost 10 cents and can be bought in the five- and ten-cent store. They are solid rubber and are just the thing. The regular golf balls costing 75 cents and a dollar have special centers and are not suited to this use.

The ball is held in a vise, and one center hole is drilled down about ¼ in. The drill should be about the same diameter as the wire—a little bigger, because the rubber in the ball contracts quite a bit after the drilling. This first hole in the center is to hold the wire which forms the neck. Right beside this hole—perhaps ¼ in. on each side—drill two more holes straight down through. Two pieces of the lead-in wire cut about 9 in. long are run in through these outside holes, and should fit quite tightly. Leave the longer portion of the wire for the legs and the shorter for the arms.

The feet are made of soft wood as were all those of the Cheerio Birds. Drill down into the shoe tops for the ends of the wires. Force the wire into the feet and include a little glue or cement. The hands are roughly drawn on a piece of thin wood, ¼ in. stock, and cut out. Remove the insulation on the ends of the arms and run them into the hands, previously-drilling holes in the hands to fit the wire.



Foozlebobs in the making. The photograph clearly shows how two golf balls and three pieces of No. 14 lead-in wire produce the finished product

The hats on the Cannibal and the Traffic Cop are made of pasteboard, cut out and glued together. After they had dried they were lacquered. The star on the Constable's manly chest is cut from a piece of tin and tacked in place. The painting in all cases was done with Murphy Quick Drying Lacquer.

We have made other "subjects"—a Scotch Highlander, the Skipper of the Toonerville Trolley, a baseball player, an Indian, and so on. They are all made the same up to the point where the trimming begins. That's where the fun comes in.

HARRY I. SHUMWAY,  
Governor in Charge,  
Y. C. Experimental Laboratory,  
Wollaston, Mass.



The Pirate Chief and the Cannibal





Here's Kiki Cuyler, outfielder, Pittsburgh "Pirates". His Louisville Slugger won the 1925 World Series. Exact model used by Cuyler, and models of other great sluggers, are sold by your local Louisville Slugger dealer.

## Baseball's Greatest Hitters

### Tell You Which Bat To Choose

NOT by chance have baseball's greatest hitters for nearly fifty years used Louisville Slugger Bats. The uniform quality and experienced workmanship that is part of every Louisville Slugger is their day-in and day-out insurance of dependable batting power.

For the bat that most major and minor leaguers use—not one "like" it—tell your dealer you want a Louisville Slugger. The facsimile signature of the player burnt in the barrel end, and the familiar Louisville Slugger oval trademark, identify the genuine. Hillerich & Bradbury Co., Incorporated, 444 Finzer St., Louisville, Ky.

"Famous Sluggers of 1926"  
This is the title of a large, new, profusely illustrated baseball book, just completed. Your copy sent free on request.



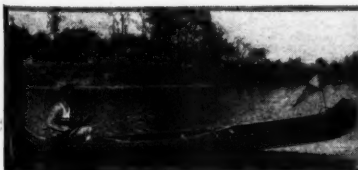
## LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BATS



INTO the woods with a reliable Taylor Leedawl. Compass in your pocket! No fear of lost trails or missing landmarks. The Leedawl will guide you safely home.

If you are a "hiker" or Boy Scout this Leedawl should be included in your equipment. Price \$1.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you one upon receipt of price, plus 10c postage.

Taylor Instrument Companies  
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.



If you want a snappy-looking canoe and also a canoe of surprising lightness and durability, get an "Old Town." For "Old Towns" are designed after actual Indian models. They are fast too—great for racing. Price \$58 up. From dealer or factory.

Free illustrated catalog shows sailing canoes, square stern canoes, dinghies, etc. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 1753 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

## "Old Town Canoes"

### Rider Agents Wanted

Select from 44 styles, colors and sizes of **Ranger Bicycles**. Ride and exhibit sample Ranger and make money. Delivery free, express prepaid. On Approval. **\$5 a Month**. Write today for our new prices and easy payment terms. **Tires** lamps, horns, whistles, parts, equipment, and more at half usual price. Bicycles from \$21.50 up. **MEAD CYCLE COMPANY** 127 S. 5th CHICAGO Write us today for free catalog



### THIS CLASS PIN 25c.

19 or more, Silver pins, Single pins 25c. each. 5 colors enamel, 31 colors, dials. Sterling Silver, 12 or more 45c. each. Single pins 50c. each. Free Cat. shows Pins, Rings, Embellish 90c to \$3.00. **Metal Arts Co., Inc.**, 7732 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

## Proceedings

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "There shall be published regularly in The Youth's Companion the current proceedings of the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass."

JAN. 26: Showed the film we took a few weeks ago. We made a silver screen from a sheet of wood board and painted it aluminum. It shows brush strokes under illumination; probably it should be sprayed instead of brushed. It's funny to see yourself in the movies.

JAN. 27: Upholstered the stool we made a few days ago. Used a piece of tapestry. Looks very nice—too nice to put under one's feet. Made a casing for the turbine which was put together a few days ago.

JAN. 28: Dug up an old camp stove which runs with gasoline, hoping it would give us enough heat to make sufficient steam to push our turbine wheel around. It did not. We are making a bigger boiler now, one that will hold four gallons. If it doesn't work as a boiler, it will make a jolly ice-cream freezer—but we have no intention of allowing that to happen. Building a treasure chest for the G. Y. C. This is going to be a work of art.

JAN. 29: Partly finished the first treasure chest, which is 9 in. long. It is a copy of an old Spanish leather brass-studded treasure chest. Made the wooden frame of another. Putting on the leather is the hard job. Made a safety valve for the boiler—a vital point. Took some pictures. Made the third slide for the electric lamp.

## Questions and Answers

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "Any Member, Associate Member or Applicant who has filed his first project has the privilege of calling for any technical information he desires from the Director, who will designate the Councilor to reply without cost or obligation to the Member. All Councilors must respond promptly to any request by Members."

Q.—Will ordinary tin trays such as cakes are baked in be all right for photographic work, or do they have to be enameled or japanned? Member Hugh C. Knox, 244 Hyman St., London, Ont.

A.—by Governor Shumway. Tin trays for photographic work will have to be treated with some preparation or they will rust. Rust will spot the prints and injure the wet films. You can treat tin trays with Ripolin, an enamel which your hardware dealer can get you. This is put on like any enamel and allowed to dry without baking. It will stand almost any chemical. You can coat the trays with japan and bake in an oven, temperature not to exceed 250° F., and this will do. Of course tin trays will dent in time, and this would chip the coating. I find that the common enamel-ware tins are fine and require no treatment at all. I have used one or two for years in my photographic work, and they are just the thing. For small work glass dishes will do very well, too. If there is a five- and ten-cent store in your city, I think they will have both the glass dishes and enamel ware. If so, this will save you going to the trouble and expense of treating the tins.

## Secretary's Note

THE accompanying photograph is a picture of Y. C. Lab Member Milton Dimock of Richmond, California. Member Dimock is one of those who, having touched printers' ink, has discovered its fascinations too well to give it up. After school and on Saturdays he works as a member of the press crew of the Richmond Daily Independent. A short time ago he wrote the following letter to the Director:

"I work on a newspaper printing press at the Richmond Daily Independent. I started working for them when I was eight years old, and have kept it up, until now I am on the press itself. I have to do with the removal of the papers, counting, and am general assistant to the pressman. I handle some 4000 to 8000 papers daily, and I like my work. I usually emerge from the office covered with printers' ink, but, messy as it is, I wouldn't give it up. I am planning to go on as an apprentice in the composing-room later, and eventually go on the linotype. I get \$2.50 per week for the after-school work and one hour and a half on Saturdays. I am fifteen, and believe I am the youngest boy that has ever been on the press."

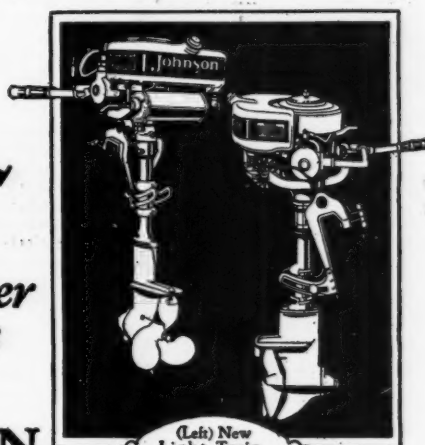
Boys like Member Dimock, who in addition to their school work, and their interest in the Y. C. Lab possess some definitely interesting means of livelihood, are triply to be congratulated. Accounts like that of Member Dimock are particularly interesting, and the Director would like to hear more from such boys who can match these experiences.



## WATERWAYS ARE NEW HIGHWAYS OF HAPPINESS

# Go-

## faster than ever with one of the NEW JOHNSON Twins



(Left) New Light Twin. Speed 13 m. p. h. with proper boat, \$140.00. (Right) New Standard Twin, 20 m. p. h. with proper boat, \$165.00.



OUTBOARD motoring is at its best when you have a Johnson. That's why Johnson quickly became the world's largest outboard motor manufacturers.

From the four Johnson motors you and Dad can easily find one to exactly fit your needs. There is a Light Single for camp and light boat use or the Light Twin and Standard Twin (shown above) and the Big Twin for racing, speed 27 m. p. h. with proper craft.

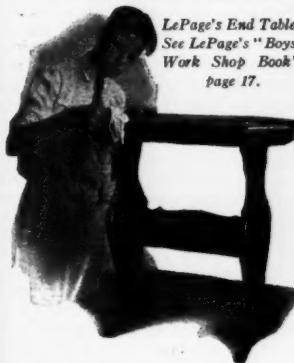
Have your Johnson dealer show you these new model Johnsons and all their new features. Also get a folder on the easy payment plan and show it to Dad.

If you don't know a nearby Johnson dealer, write to us for complete information.

JOHNSON MOTOR CO., 430 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.  
Export Division, 75 West St., New York, N. Y., U. S. A.  
Canadian Distributor, Peterborough Canoe Co., Peterborough, Ont., Can.

## Johnson

### Outboard Motors

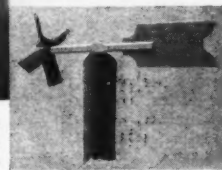


LePage's End Table. See LePage's "Boys' Work Shop Book" page 17.



LePage's Hanging Book Shelf. See LePage's "Boys' Work Shop Book" page 15.

LePage's Weather Vane. See LePage's "Boys' Work Shop Book" page 10.



## See how easy it is to make these interesting articles

### LePage's New "Boys' Work Shop Book" will show you how

THIS remarkable new 28-page book, published last fall, fully illustrated with photographs and drawings, gives complete directions that any boy can follow for making Tie Rack, Coat Hangers, Towel Rack, Back Rest, Spinning Top, Boy Scout Weather Vane, Tool Cabinet, Taboret, Book Trough, Hanging Book Shelves, Foot Stool and End Table.

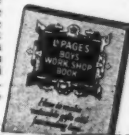
Each is surprisingly easy to make. Just follow the dimension drawings and simple printed directions given in the book. You can be sure that each article is thoroughly practical. They were prepared for us by Mr. William W. Klenke, Instructor in Woodworking, Central Commercial and Manual Training High School, Newark, New Jersey. Mr. Klenke is an authority on this subject, and is used to showing the boys how to make such articles. He has made it very simple and easy for you—lots of fun with worthwhile results.

### Other features of Book

LePage's New Boys' Work Shop Book also shows you how to make strong joints with your old mending friend, LePage's Glue; also how to make and use LePage's Gesso—better than putty for filling in cracks; makes your craftsmanship better; helps decorate finished articles. Last section of book shows how to make interesting and entertaining cardboard toys.

Send 10 cents for this NEW LePage's Boys' Work Shop Book

Try this interesting new way of making gifts and toys. You'll be surprised and pleased at the nice things you can make. Just write your name and address on the coupon below, tear the coupon out and mail it to us with 10 cents in coin or stamps. A copy of LePage's new Boys' Work Shop Book will be sent you at once, postage paid. Address: LePage's Craft League, Dept. PP-6, Gloucester, Mass.



MAIL THIS COUPON

LePage's Craft League,  
Dept. PP-6, Gloucester, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's new Boys' Work Shop Book. Please send a copy to:—

Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....

# LE PAGE'S

## GLUE

### Bottles, Tubes, Cans



## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Subscription Price: \$2.00 a Year in advance for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 for foreign countries. When asking for a change of address, please give the old as well as the new address.

Remittances: Bank Check or Draft, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter; no other way by mail is safe.

Manuscripts: Send to The Editors, inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. MSS. will be given ordinary care, but return is not guaranteed. Keep a carbon copy of all MSS. you send to publishers.

Published by

PERRY MASON COMPANY

Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H.

Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

### FACT AND COMMENT

**A** MOB has many heads but few brains—usually none at all.

A GERMAN SCIENTIST predicts the time when, after reading your morning paper, you can soak it in acids that will bring out the food value of the wood pulp, and eat it for breakfast. But we hope you will be able to afford something more appetizing.

WHEN AN AMERICAN named Epstein bought a famous Van Dyck away from competing English collectors, for \$250,000, the picture fell into the hands of a man who began life not so many years ago as an itinerant peddler. Today he owns pictures alone that are worth more than a million dollars.

THE INTERESTING WAY in which seemingly unrelated things dovetail into one another is shown by the unexpected effect that women's shoe fashions have on the plasterer's trade. Kid boots have pretty well gone out. Women wear slippers, pumps, and low shoes, often of satin, or other fabric material. The diminished demand for kid has cut the supply of goat hair to half or less of what it used to be. And so plasterers, who would rather have goat hair than anything else to mix in their plaster, are driven to using all sorts of substitutes—sisal and cottonwood fibre for choice.

### AN ACHIEVEMENT AND A PORTENT

**I**N his entertaining book, recently issued under the title of "Portraits and Portents," the Englishman A. G. Gardiner discusses with genial appreciation the most famous citizen of Detroit, if not of the United States, Mr. Henry Ford. He regards him, we gather, as one of the "portents"; a man who has done much to shape the form and aspect of our modern civilization, and the type of man who is to be increasingly powerful in influencing the future.

While reading Mr. Gardiner's book we have had our attention freshly directed to Mr. Ford's achievements by the testimony in the suit that has grown out of the government's attempt to collect additional income taxes from some of his former partners. The story is an astonishing one. We learn that the Ford Company was organized in 1903 with a total cash capital of \$28,000, which was raised with the utmost difficulty by the young mechanic, whom most of his acquaintances regarded as a fantastic dreamer. No one knows exactly what this investment has now grown into, but Mr. Ford has more than once refused a billion dollars for his business. When in 1919 he bought out the minority stockholders, one of them, who is now a U. S. Senator from Michigan, Mr. James Couzens, received more than \$29,000,000, which had grown from an original subscription of \$2500, only \$1000 of which was in cash. Certainly no man since the world began has amassed in so short a time and in the peaceful processes of trade so enormous a fortune as Mr. Ford and his son now control.

As a portent Mr. Ford qualifies in two directions. He has shown us the unprecedented possibilities of wealth contained in our modern mechanical, industrial civilization. For the first time the world has the means of producing an almost unlimited quantity of anything it really wants. We do not even yet realize what an extraordinary

expansion of the world's wealth the industrial system has made possible. But Mr. Ford is teaching us. The problem of the coming centuries is not the delivery of the race from want and hardship but the fair distribution of the steadily mounting heap of wealth.

Again Mr. Ford is a portent in demonstrating the tremendous opportunities that lie before the man who is shrewd enough to see what people are going to want, and ingenious enough to supply it. What he has done with a comparatively expensive thing like an automobile other men have done and can do with inventions almost trivial in their nature. We know a man who has made a comfortable fortune by devising a kind of tag for the laundries to use on the clothing they wash. Another is wealthy because he thought of cutting a little tab in the paste-board covers of milk bottles so that they can be lifted easily. Modern civilization is the happiest time for the inventor or for the man ingenious in applying or developing discoveries already made that the world has ever seen. Both Mr. Edison and Mr. Ford are "portents" of what the future may hold for us.

There are many boys reading The Youth's Companion today who are conscious of the ability to contrive, to invent, to use the mechanical principles for their own ends. Some of those boys are going to be among the conspicuous men of the coming age. Let them look about them at home to see what their mothers or fathers need to make their work easier and more effective. Let them fit themselves, so far as their resources and abilities permit, by the study of mechanics or electricity, to understand how to meet those needs—and then use their own wits. And don't think, boys, that any suggestion is too simple or trivial to be followed. You will not—many of you—make a Ford fortune, but many valuable and profitable inventions have sprung from the smallest of beginnings, to meet the humblest of needs.

### THE FARMER AND THE CORN BORER

**T**HE invasion of the corn belt has begun. The active and persistent corn borer, moving steadily westward, is already too common in Indiana, and a farmer in Kan-kakee County, Illinois, has found one of the little pests in a stalk of corn—the first of his disreputable tribe to be seen in that state.

We learn from a correspondent in Illinois that no one there seems much exercised over the discovery, perhaps because it is not yet realized how much harm the borer can do; perhaps because the farmers, tired of raising bigger crops than they can dispose of at a satisfactory profit, are willing to take a chance on short crops and high prices. There is a very real danger, however, that the corn borer may do more than cause short crops. He may wipe out crops altogether. That would be of no benefit to the farmer or the stock raiser, even though they might be able to take a melancholy satisfaction in the thought that everybody else in the country was suffering with them.

Most of our corn is at present fed, not sold. It is turned into beef, pork, mutton and milk before it reaches our old friend the "ultimate consumer." If the borer ravages the corn belt, so that corn crops cannot be successfully grown, the farmer might take refuge in cultivating the small grains, but they will produce barely half as much to the acre as corn does, and we should see a corresponding rise in the price of meat and dairy products. But, though much is to be said in favor of controlling crop plantings so as to avoid a surplus and a fall in prices, there is no good reason to look complacently on the extinction of a plant so useful to the human race as Indian corn.

The agricultural colleges and the Department of Agriculture are wide awake on the subject, and there is no lack of information about the best ways to fight the hungry intruder. Corn should be cut close to the ground; no stalk should be left standing four or five inches in height, as is often the practice in the corn country. Machines for cutting corn practically level with the ground are already contrived and ready to be used. All corn stalks that are not used for ensilage should be burned. It is in such refuse that the borer comfortably spends the cold months of winter. Spraying is of no service, for the little creature is always inside the stalk, where no poison can reach him. Much is hoped from the importation of the natural parasites, which keep the pest within manageable bounds in Europe. The Department of Agriculture will help farmers who are interested in getting a colony of parasites.

We do not anticipate the total destruction of our great corn fields, but we do expect damage to the corn crop, something like that which for years the boll weevil caused to the cotton crop. That damage will doubtless be reflected in prices, but the farmer who profits by that rise will be the one who keeps his own fields clean and has corn to sell. The man who sits back and lets the borer do his worst will get no good out of the situation.

### THIS BULLETS WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

#### MINISTERS TO OTTAWA AND DUBLIN

**A**S a result of the new spirit within the British Empire, which recognizes the "dominions" as separate nations in all but a common loyalty to the throne, Canada and the Irish Free State have diplomatic representatives at Washington. We are now returning that compliment; Mr. William Phillips, our able ambassador to Belgium, is to be the first minister to Canada, and Mr. F. A. Sterling, counselor of the embassy at London, will be our representative at Dublin.

#### THOSE THREE CRUISERS

**A**LTHOUGH the House of Representatives by a narrow majority voted down the proposal to appropriate money for beginning work immediately on three of the ten cruisers authorized by vote of Congress, the Senate after a lively debate decided otherwise. The vote was 49 to 27, and \$1,200,000 was appropriated for the purpose. The bill must go back to the House for agreement or disapproval, and it is believed to be probable that this time the advocates of a stronger navy will be able to find a majority for it.

#### THE MIGHTY UNIVERSE

**A**CCORDING to Doctor Einstein, the stellar universe is finite and curved or spherical in form, so that a hypothetical traveler voyaging out into space in what appears to him a straight line would after the lapse of innumerable years find himself back exactly where he started from. Whether this conception of the universe is correct or not, astronomers are finding out some things about the vastness of the heavenly frame that are beyond human comprehension. Doctor Hubble of the Mt. Wilson Observatory has been studying those faint nebular groups that lie quite outside the galaxy of stars of which our own world is a part. Some of them he believes to be 5,000,000,000,000,000 (five quintillion) miles from the earth. That means that light traveling thence at 186,000 miles a second would take a million years to reach us. These nebulae appear to be "island universes" similar to the great galaxy to which the earth belongs, and which used to be considered as the centre visible universe. He also believes these nebulae are distributed with considerable uniformity over an area that may be five hundred quintillion miles across!

#### LIQUIDATING THE WAR

**A**NOTHER step toward the return of European conditions to what may be thought of as normal occurred when the allied nations agreed to give up their control over the military equipment of Germany under the treaty of Versailles. That does not mean that Germany is free to arm itself without restraint or condition. The limitations imposed by the Versailles Treaty are still supposed to be in force, but they are to be administered by the League of Nations, and not by the representatives of the nations that defeated Germany in 1918. But the League of Nations will hardly be as severe as the Allied Commission has been, and Germany will gradually regain its sovereign power to decide for itself what armament it shall have. The present German government, however, has agreed as its part of the bargain to dismantle certain new fortifications, and has promised not to erect any more defensive works along its eastern boundary.

#### ANOTHER MAN AND A WOMAN SWIM SAN PEDRO

**HENRY SULLIVAN**, from Lowell, Massachusetts, has succeeded in swimming San Pedro Channel between Catalina Island and the California coast. It took him some twenty-two hours. Sullivan was a contestant in the recent event which George Young, the

young Canadian swimmer, won. Sullivan will get no prize of \$25,000 for his exploit, but he has the distinction of being the only person who has swum both the English and the San Pedro channels.

Mrs. Myrtle Huddleston of California is the first woman to swim San Pedro Channel. Her time was about two hours better than that of Sullivan.

#### THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

**A**FFAIRS in China are still disturbed. All Americans are out of the interior, though a few are missing and may have lost their lives. The missionary enterprises in the Yangtse country are all abandoned, and the fear is that the anti-foreign spirit is so strong in that region that it will be years before mission work can be restored to anything like its former extent. The British government has offered a new treaty to the Cantonese government, that would grant many of the demands that the Chinese are making for more control of their foreign relations and for the jurisdiction of their own courts over Europeans and Americans who violate Chinese laws. But Mr. Chen, the Cantonese foreign minister, would not sign it unless the British would recall all the troops they have started toward Shanghai, and at last accounts Premier Baldwin did not think it would be safe to do that. In England Communist agitators tried to arouse public sentiment against the despatch of these troops to China, but with no success. Even the Labor party leaders agreed with the government on the necessity of the step. As the record closes news comes of hot fighting between General Chiang's Cantonese army and Marshal Sun's forces south of Shanghai. If Chiang wins here, he can probably fight his way into Shanghai and the other important coast cities—unless British and American troops take a hand to keep him out of those ports, where Western interests are so large.

#### MISCELLANY

##### Historic Calendar



Drawn by L. F. Grant

March 11, 1888. The Great Blizzard

**T**HE wild wind blew as hard as wind could blow;  
The hailstones pelted, volley after volley;  
The streets were heaped and blocked with drifted snow,  
And happy children laughed and said,  
"How jolly!"

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

#### HEROES OF THE SECOND GROUP

##### The Companion's Religious Article

**T**HE Book of Chronicles has a passage in which it lists and describes some of the men associated with King David in his military career. The passage is not often read, for it occurs in a book less interesting than some other portions of the Bible. But it reminds us that a great leader, such as David certainly was, is likely to inspire the love and confidence of heroic men who could not be attracted to men of less inspiring qualities. David had faults, and the Bible makes no effort to conceal or palliate them, but he must have been a man of highly attractive qualities to have inspired such affection in other heroes.

It is interesting to find how these men were graded. The first three were they who heard David longing for a drink of water from the well at Bethlehem. That was all they needed. They made their way through the lines of the Philistines and brought back the water that he had longed for. It is an indication of a fine and sensitive nature that David refused to drink this water, brought at the peril of these men's lives, and reverently poured it out before the Lord. But what a man must he have been who could inspire such devotion! Our concern, however,



## Clark's Famous Cruises

BY CUNARD LINE BIG NEW OIL-BURNERS

at rates including hotels, guides, drives, fees.

## NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

52 DAYS, \$600 to \$1300  
ss "LANCASTRIA" July 2

Includes Lisbon, Spain (Madrid), Tangier (Granada), Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Berlin (Paris, London).

Jan. 16, '28 Around the World

125 days; \$1250 to \$3000.

Jan. 25, '28, To the Mediterranean

65 days; \$600 to \$1700.

FRANK C. CLARK

Times Building, N. Y.

Originator of World Cruises

## Always a Hit

Girls learn to play the Buescher Saxophone and go on the stage with big pay. Travel. Work is play. Always a Hit. Anyone can master a simplified, easy blowing Buescher. Lessons given on request with each new True Tone Sax. teaches scales in an hour. Play tunes in a week. Try any Buescher Instrument in your home for 6 days. Pay by month. Satisfaction guaranteed. Beautiful Free Book explains everything. Jobs waiting. Send postal today. Buescher Band Instrument Co. 1951 Buescher Block, (14) Elkhart, Ind.



FREE BOOK

## Whooping Cough

Parents describe the relief obtained, particularly at night, as wonderful. Introduced in 1879, the value of Vapo-Cresolene has been demonstrated for nearly thirty years in the treatment of whooping cough and of the croup.



Vapo-Cresolene for the bed at night. Vapo-Cresolene treatment of whooping cough and internal medicine avoided. When children complain of sore throat use it once. Send for descriptive booklet \$2.50 For Sale by Druggists. VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO. 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Bldg. Montreal, Canada

## ASTHMA

THE HAYES METHOD

relieves and cures to stay cured. Write for particulars and proofs to P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., asking for Bulletin Y-272. Free.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies, and Reviews, Min-strel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. Catalog FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 77 CHICAGO

## PLAYS

Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods

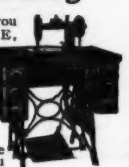
Ask your Storekeeper for the red stove remedy. STOVINK the red stove remedy. Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

## STOVINK

## You May Try It 3 Months Before Deciding

Our plan makes it possible for you to test the HIGH-GRADE, FIRST QUALITY

## New Companion Sewing Machine



IN YOUR HOME for three months before deciding. If you are not entirely satisfied we return your money and take back machine at our expense. Choice of eleven styles, including oscillating and rotary machines in both foot treadle and electric models. We also guarantee for 25 years, pay all freight charges, and sell at a very low price.

A postal request brings descriptive booklet and attractive terms of purchase by return mail

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION  
8 Arlington Street—Boston, Mass.

## Personal — To G. Y. C. Girls Only

HELP! One week, please, to catch up with ourselves. Between the eleventh day of last November and the sixteenth day of February, three thousand two hundred and fourteen girls had joined the G. Y. C. as Corresponding Members! Four hundred and eighty-four had won Active Membership. And fifty-eight Branch Clubs had been formed. Meanwhile, the G. Y. C. House at Wollaston has been even busier than my office.

So, frankly, I am going to ask you for just one week's "vacation." It won't be a vacation, really. There are millions of odds and ends to clear up. There are letters by the hundred to write. There are things to do for all the Branch Clubs, and

for the three thousand two hundred and fourteen girls whom I am just beginning to know personally—the biggest club of its kind in the world, and getting bigger every minute.

Perhaps this will give you time, too, to finish up some new enterprise, or to write your letter for the new G. Y. C. Contest announced on the February 17 G. Y. C. page. Have you the rules? If not, send a stamped addressed envelope—and if you haven't sent a Keystone Blank yet, send it too.

Now, about this "vacation" of mine. Just one week! All in favor please say "Aye."

Thank you.

*Hazel Gray*

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

in considering this inspiring episode, is with the second three. "They had a name," but not among the first three. Yet when we come to read of their deeds they were great men, generous men, heroic men. How encouraging it is to find that the men who fall short of the first measure of greatness may be men of such power and worth!

There is room in the headlines for only a few names. Well is it if the heroes of the second rank are not soured by the lack of public attention. There is still a worthy work and a high honor.

Perhaps some of the football players who work hard on the scrub team, but never get into the big games, feel hurt over their lack of success. But it is the practice games with the scrubs as opponents that make it possible for the first team to win.

The more carefully we read of the exploits of David's mighty men who barely missed getting into the first rank the more shall we realize how valuable is the part that is played by those who occupy the less conspicuous places with fidelity.

## NOSEBLEED

The Companion's Medical Article

BLEEDING from the nose is seldom serious, though it may, by its persistence or recurrence, cause the loss of a great deal of blood. This loss is quickly made up, however, by the natural recuperative processes of the body. The bleeding may result from injury, from ulceration within the nose, congestion, the presence of a tumor, or of a foreign body which a child has pushed up its nostril, or it may be due to some constitutional disturbance. In the aged, when no other explanation is at hand, repeated nosebleed is usually a sign of high blood pressure and brittle arteries, and its occurrence must be regarded as a beneficial event, for it acts as a safety valve, relieving the tension of the blood within the arteries and perhaps warding off a threatened apoplexy.

Nosebleed may be a symptom of beginning typhoid fever, and it occurs also in certain blood diseases, such as purpura and scurvy, and when the blood is weak in clotting power, as in certain forms of anemia, in the subjects of Bright's disease and in "bleeders." Nosebleed sometimes comes on during a common cold in the head, especially in the early congestive stage, and it is not unusual in certain forms of heart disease, and in cirrhosis of the liver.

In an ordinary attack of nosebleed there is no occasion for extreme haste to arrest the flow. It will often stop of itself if one does not get flustered or frightened, and, when owing to high blood pressure or heart or liver disease, it may be beneficial and should not be stopped too soon. The patient should sit or stand with the head slightly bent forward, so that the blood may come from the front of the nose instead of flowing back into the throat, and a piece of ice wrapped in a handkerchief or bit of flannel may be applied to the back of the neck.

The bleeding often comes from an erosion on the septum, and if too profuse or long continued it may be arrested by pressing with the thumb against this part, or by touching the bleeding point with some astringent, such as tannin or alum solution. In severe cases, when the bleeding part cannot be found, the physician may have to plug the nostril with cotton wet with a

styptic solution. After the bleeding has stopped, the patient should not blow his nose to remove clots, for they serve a good purpose.

## A DOG'S LONG MEMORY

IN 1906, writes a Companion subscriber, I taught school in Salt Lake City, living in an upstairs apartment in F St. The lady who owned the house had a large shepherd dog, called Don. He was an animal of wonderful intelligence and a great pet. Nine years before I lived there the lady had a broken leg, and during her convalescent period she had trained the dog to do several things to help her. She had even taught him to bring the potatoes from the cellar, carrying them up one at a time in his mouth.

One day the lady told me about this, and I proposed trying the dog to see if he still remembered his accomplishment. The lady said, "Oh, he wouldn't do it now; it's been nine years since he did it." But I went down cellar and put some potatoes where they were kept at that time, and the lady called the dog to her side and said:

"Don, go down cellar and bring me up a potato."

The big dog looked up at his mistress with a questioning look, and the lady repeated the command. Down the stairs went the dog, and up he came with a potato carefully held in his mouth!

Was this an unusual power of memory for an animal to exhibit?

## HE GOT—WEEK'S NOTICE

"SIR," said the astonished landlady to a guest who had passed his cup for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee."

"Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drunk so much water to get a little."

## THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

There are all sorts of motion pictures, and it is by no means easy to get trustworthy information about which ones are clean and entertaining, not merely "unobjectionable," but worth seeing. The Youth's Companion gives its readers this list, revised every week, of the pictures that it thinks good enough to recommend. We shall be glad to have our readers tell us whether they find the list valuable, and the pictures well chosen.

## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

**A Little Journey**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
An incorrigibly forward youth meets his fate in a Pullman car. William Haines, Claire Windsor

**An Affair of the Follies**—First National  
The tangle heart-affairs of an inventor, a clerk and a pretty chorus girl come out satisfactorily in the end. Lewis Stone, Billie Dove, Lloyd Hughes

**April Showers**—Chadwick Pictures  
An immigrant umbrella vendor finds America a land of fulfillment for himself and his little daughter. Alexander Carr and Baby Peggy

**Old Ironsides**—Paramount  
A remarkable picture, based on the glorious exploits of the old frigate "Constitution" when Decatur, Lawrence and other heroes of the sea manned her guns. Charles Farrell, Wallace Beery, Esther Ralston, George Bancroft

**The Potters**—Paramount  
Through the unexpected assistance of an oil gusher a downtrodden father reasserts himself. Very amusing. W. C. Fields, Mary Alden

**The Music Master**—William Fox  
The well known play, in which a father, always forgetful of self, seeks and finds a long-lost daughter. Alec B. Francis, Lois Moran



## The Magic of Music

In an age when the family bond is notably growing weaker, one tie remains—music. Music, with its miraculous power to attract young and old! Haven't you noticed that those homes where the young people play—where the piano is an open invitation to all—are always the most popular homes?

But it must be remembered that to enjoy music the instrument must be of the best. And a piano must be so constructed that its original sweet tone quality will be retained after years of constant usage.

## JESSE FRENCH & SONS PIANOS

have been perfected with just this very idea in view. They are not only beautiful to see and hear when new, but they remain so. Over a period of 51 years the standards of Jesse French & Sons Pianos have steadily risen and we are justly proud of our resulting achievement.

Before you purchase a piano, be certain to write for our Descriptive Booklet. Also details of our Deferred Payment Plan of purchase. In case we have no dealer in your city we will supply you direct from our factory. Jesse French & Sons Piano Co., 327 F. Ave., New Castle, Ind.



"QUALITY FIRST—FIRST QUALITY"

## BOYS and GIRLS EARN MONEY

**Selling TAB SNAPS** Do away with buttons. Almost every woman buys. Sell low—good profits. Get the consent of your parents or guardian and write for details.

THE LOTHROP CO.

Room 4, 9 Rockville Park, Roxbury, Boston, Mass.



Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, and for All Ages

## KENNEBEC CANOE BOOK

Both a treatise on canoeing and catalog in colors. 24 pages. Quotes new, lower prices on paddling models. Shows new wonder outboard craft.

Unique. Write

THE KENNEBEC CANOE CO.  
Dept. YC-30 Waterville, Maine

## Cuticura Talcum Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented

# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

## THE PRINCE AND THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

By Christine Noble Govan

**L**ONG, long ago there lived a charcoal-burner. He was a poor man who made his living by burning the fallen branches and logs in the forest where he dwelt and selling the charcoal in the nearby village. There was not much money to be had this way, and the charcoaler might have had a sorry time of it had it not been for one thing. On long summer evenings or early in the morning when the little creatures of the forest are just greeting the rising sun, the charcoaler would sit on his doorstep and play his lyre.

No skilled teacher had taught him this art, but from the soft, intimate sounds of the forest itself he had learned to make his music. The rippling of the forest stream, the calls of the birds, the cries of tiny insects, the drone of the honey-laden bees, he could imitate so truly on his lyre that they could not be distinguished from the real forest sounds.

One day as this kindly man was sitting before his cottage, mending a pair of bellows, he heard in the forest the silvery blast of a bugle and the sound of a horse's hoofs crashing through the bushes.

Calling to his wife, the charcoal-burner ran to the edge of the clearing in which the cottage stood and peered into the forest.

Out of the forest rode a herald. "Ho!" cried he to the amazed charcoaler. "I am heralding for the Prince. You know he must ever have some new amusement. If he is not writing verse or composing music for his lute, he is knocking about among the common people disguised as a minstrel or a peddler or what-not. His latest fancy is to have a musical tournament at his father's palace. Any-

## THE DUNCE

By Russell Gordon Carter



Drawn by Verna Grisher McCally

I've dressed my pussy like a dunce  
Because he scorns the alphabet;  
It only makes him yawn and stretch,  
My unambitious little pet.

My hopes for puss are all in vain,  
He has such scant respect for  
knowledge;

I know I'd just be wasting time  
To think of sending him to college!



Drawn by W. Reylston Dammers

## MAD IN MARCH ONLY

By Grace May North

The Mad March Hare was madder  
than he'd ever been before,  
And that was very, very mad in-  
deed.

All the bunny boys ran racing  
When they saw Mad March Hare  
chasing,  
Or just back and forward pacing  
Near his door.

When the little bunny children  
were as naughty as they'd  
dare,  
And that was very, very bad indeed,  
Said their mother with ears flop-  
ping,

"If your mischief you're not  
stopping,  
With his bag there'll come a  
hopping  
Mad March Hare."

But at last when March was going  
with its blust'ring and its  
blow,  
Then Mad March Hare was very  
glad indeed.

All the bunny children glancing  
Up his briary path saw prancing.  
Why, the old fellow was danc-  
ing!  
O-ho-ho!

one may enter, and any instrument may be played. The prize is as much land as ten men can plough and a bag of gold each year from the Prince."

Long after he had gone the charcoaler stood as one bewitched. Then his wife shook him by the arm, laughing gently. "Dreamer," she said, "do you think that you could win a prize? Fie upon you! Get you to your honest labor and do not let your fancies tempt you."

But the charcoal-burner went into the forest, and when he came out there was new life in his step and in his eyes a light which men call Inspiration.

**N**OW in the court of the King all was bustle and excitement. Pages in purple and gold ran hither and thither. Men and women, boys and dimpling maids, all in holiday dress, thronged the rooms of the castle and scattered over the grassy lawn like great flowers.

Suddenly the clatter and chatter ceased as three sweet notes on a trumpet were sounded and the crowd moved in little groups toward the throne room, for this was the signal that the tournament was about to begin.

Here the King and the Queen sat upon their thrones, and just below them sat the

Prince. The contestants, all finely dressed and with highly polished instruments, were on the opposite side of the hall.

When all the guests had assembled the Prince arose and stated the rules of the contest. Then the Herald called out the names of the players, and each in turn came and played before the Prince.

At last the Herald came forward and whispered to the Lord High Chamberlain, who bent and whispered to the Prince:

"Your Highness, there is but one fellow left, a bold charcoal-burner. Does Your Majesty wish him called?"

"Most certainly," replied the Prince.

So the Lord High Chamberlain repeated this to the Herald.

**A**ND so it was that the charcoaler came and played before the Prince. When he played the fair ladies did not toy with their fans and murmur, "Wonderful! Marvelous! What a depth of feeling!" But the King leaned forward on his throne; the Queen leaned back and gazed at the player through a fringe of jetty lashes; the Prince looked through the palace windows to the blue, blue sky above where a lark was soaring, and a smile of wondrous sweetness came over his face; the court Fool sat serious for once and gently stroked the ears of a great hound which lay, chin upon paws, and watched the player with great brown eyes. For the charcoal-burner played the music that the greatest of masters composed, the song of the brook, and of the birds and the bees; the song of the summer breeze as it sings to the little wood-creatures at night; the song of the pines and the song of the rain on the sweet earth.

**T**HE last note died away. The King leaned back, awakened from his reverie; the Queen opened her eyes and looked at him through a rainbow mist; the Prince stood lost in his vision; the Lord High Chamberlain shook his heavy head; but the Fool laid his hideous head upon his knees and sobbed aloud.

Then the applause broke out, such as that land had never heard before. The King's very throne trembled from it, and the cook sent the scullery boy from the kitchen to see who had won the prize.

The Prince stepped down from his throne, and, walking to the charcoaler, he said: "The prize is yours, for few there are, indeed, who know the music of nature, or the songs of the heart. Only those have learned it who have listened in the quiet of His temples and turned an open heart to His creatures."

## Nuts & Crack

### (1). DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

These words all contain the same number of letters. By taking off the first two letters of the first words the second words remain. When these smaller words are correctly obtained and written one below the other, the initial letters will tell what makes a person see things that are not there.

Doubly behead liquid refreshment and make writing fluid.

Doubly behead a fast-moving object and make encountered.

Doubly behead a resting-place and make a melody.

Doubly behead start and make a cotton-working machine.

Doubly behead esteem and make and not.

Doubly behead form and make a monkey.

Doubly behead wash and make an article.

Doubly behead cool off and make indisposed.

Doubly behead ruin and make lubricate.

Doubly behead whipped and make a boy's nickname.

(2). CHARADE.  
She takes another form for my FIRST;  
In taking SECONDS an actor's well versed.  
My THIRD's the sediment left that's bad.

My WHOLE is a man of whom you've heard tell.

He did twelve jobs, and he did them well.

### (3). WORD-SQUARE.

1. Temporary shelters. 2. Approximately. 3. Watered silk fabric. 4. Prize-money. 5. Precipitous.

### (4). RIDDLE.

Woman is my ending, was my beginning, and you will find her in my midst.

### (5). COLONEL PUZZLER.

Colonel Puzzler was assigned to carry a message from Bingville to Metropolis. He came to five forks in the road. A sign-post once stood in the center of the forks, but it had been uprooted and was lying on its side. How did the colonel find the road to Metropolis?

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

(1). St-roll; st-art; st-ride; st-ill; st-rain; st-all; st-ripe; st-one.

(2). Dick-shun-airy; dictionary.

(3). 1. Serf. 2. Ever. 3. Reno. 4. Frog.

(4). Mauritius: Ma-ur-it-i-us.

(5). ARRAY ARMY, ADD ARMS, AND ATTACK AT DAWN.

## THE MUSICIAN

By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown



MY PRETTY LADY HOLLYHOCK IS BENDING  
DOWN HER HEAD,  
AND ALL THE FLOWERS NOD AND DANCE  
WITHIN THE FLOWER-BED,  
FOR BROTHER WIND IS PASSING BY A-PLAYING  
ON HIS FLUTE,  
AND TOSsing ALL THE CLOUDS ON HIGH, AND  
SHAKING DOWN THE FRUIT.



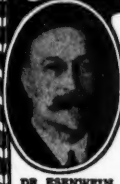
## SCHOOLS

**Bentley School**

An exceptional school for men who wish to qualify as specialists in accounting and finance. The short cut to an executive position is through the accounting department. This school has a reputation for turning out an exceptional product.

**TO BE BENTLEY-TRAINED**  
**CARRIES PRESTIGE IN BUSINESS**  
Men only admitted. High school training or equivalent required. Placement Bureau maintained. No correspondence courses. Excellent dormitory accommodations.

Catalogue sent on request.  
**THE BENTLEY SCHOOL**  
**OF ACCOUNTING AND FINANCE**  
The largest school of its kind in the world.  
921 Boylston St., Dept. F, Boston, Mass.  
Harry C. Bentley, C.P.A., President

**Short Story Writing**

Junior fiction writers really taught; seasoned writers, helped. Send for 150-page catalog and full details of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Story Writing, free.

Latest issue of The Writer's Monthly (96-page literary magazine) and circular on McCourtie's "Where and How to Sell Manuscripts" also included.

Please address

**The Home Correspondence School**  
Established 1897  
Dept. 59 Springfield, Mass.

**Business Administration--**

Accounting—Secretarial—Two-Year Courses, College Grade, for young men and women of executive caliber. Also Shorter Business Courses. Graduates in demand. Send for Special Catalog to J. D. Smith, Registrar.

Burdett College, Boston Founded 1879

**No Joke to STAMMER**  
Successful. Master perfect speech. Win business. Send for full information and special phonograph record. Dime covers postage.  
157 Simmons, The Lewis Institute, Detroit

**STAMMERERS**  
I can teach you to speak normally. Send for free booklet telling how.  
SAMUEL Y. ROBBINS  
419 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

**LEARN BY MAIL Mount Birds**  
LEARN AT HOME to stuff birds, animals, game heads. Decorate your home. Big profits. Own your own business. Wonderful fascinating business for men and women. Send for Free Book.  
N.W. School of Taxidermy, 2503 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

**Can You**

Swim Dive Row Paddle Shoot  
Make baskets Play tennis  
Make electric motors  
Ride horseback  
Play baseball

**and do it well?**

CAMP IS THE PLACE TO LEARN

If you desire a camp for this summer, fill in the coupon and return

Name .....

Address .....

Approximate tuition ..... Age .....

ATLANTIC PUBLICATIONS  
EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass. 200 Fifth Ave. New York City

## Camp News

**D**URING the coming summer of 1927, camps throughout the United States will welcome thousands of boy and girl campers to their green acres.

From a movement which began in 1880 with a few boys, the summer camp has grown to be as necessary as school in the minds of some parents and educators.

There was a time when camp was considered a luxury, but now it is deemed more of a necessity for the city child. To the child living in the country it offers organized play and protection at the seashore, and to some, an opportunity for craft work, tutoring, or community life, which lifts them out of a routine that parents may find needs more variety.

Because the camp movement has shown its value to such a great extent, camps of every kind have arisen to meet the need.

These camps vary in tuition, from the group organization camps, such as the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., Boy Scouts,

Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, and church organizations, to the more individual private camps, charging anywhere from \$10 to \$125 a week.

Organization camps as a rule are operated for large groups, with less attention given to special interests and needs. These camps are budgeted to keep costs down. The private camp must meet the demands of exacting parents and so must ask a larger fee.

The private camp offers extra advantages. It offers many of the special advantages that some families demand for their children. While these advantages are not considered necessary by all, nevertheless, they are proving so valuable to

some that campers return to the same camps year after year, and feel that their experience could not be duplicated by any special organization camp.

Perhaps one of the reasons for this feeling is that the less expensive camp is conducted more often as a local organization, while many of the private camps have enrollments from various parts of the United States, bringing each camper in touch with new experiences, as these young people from many states meet, play and live together. For instance, a camp in Maine has enrollments from 13 states, another, in New Hampshire, from 22 states, and one in Vermont from 19 states.

Many of these camps offer fine equipment in bungalows, dining rooms, dressing rooms with showers, and modern sanitation, offering every care and comfort to young campers living in the open.

Usually there is splendid equipment for sports. Some of the camps maintain fine stables of riding

horses, while other camps emphasize water sports and make provision for high diving, surf riding, and other opportunities for plenty of fun in the water as well as the more serious work of life saving. In the boys' camps there are the sailing skiffs or motor boats to enjoy and learn to manage. Large groups from the girls' camps take trips together in the big motor boats and war canoes and at both boys' and girls' camps, where watersports are developed, there is instruction in canoeing and boating, as well as swimming.

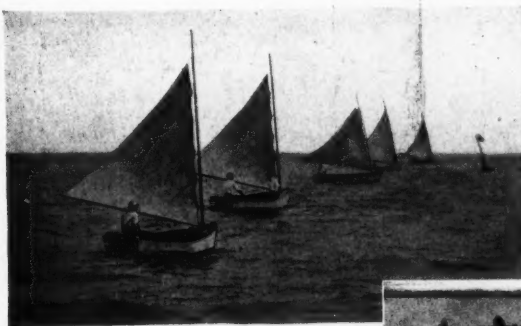
In fact to sum it all up, a summer, or even a part of a summer, in camp is a wonderful investment for the future of any boy or girl.



Welcomed into the Camp Circle



Bungalows at a girls' camp



Sailing skiffs rounding the mark



Headed for the island

**BOOKS ON SPORTS**

Did you know that you can obtain an up to date book on each of the sports for from ten to thirty-five cents?

These books will give you professional records of that sport and splendid hints that will help you to excel in it.

Write to us for information. Do not enclose money, but ask where they may be obtained.



Receiving Award for Horsemanship

**CAMP SKYLARK**

"The Junior Camp of Horsemanship," for Boys under 16. Complete permanent equipment. Ideal living conditions. Experienced counselors. Healthful and beautiful location 20 miles from Boston, secluded yet accessible. All Land and Water Sports. Every Boy Rides Every Day. No extra charges. Write for new illustrated catalog.

ALEXANDER H. MITCHELL, PRINCIPAL OF THE MITCHELL SCHOOL, BILLERICA, MASS., BOX Y

## CAMPS

**CAMP Adirondack**  
**OWAISSA**  
(For Girls) With all the delights of water, mountains and woodland—a happy summer in the out-of-doors. All land and water sports; tennis, riding, canoeing, swimming, hiking, dancing, etc. Post Office, Indian Lake, N. Y. Booklet, Miss Selma E. Wilson Box V, National Cathedral School, Washington D.C.

**CAMP ARBUTUS** For girls 10-18 13th year  
Wooded shore on lovely Michigan lake. Canoeing, woodcraft, nature study. All sports. Correctives. Resident Physician.  
References required. For booklet address EDITH A. STEELE, Camp Arbustus, Mayfield Michigan

**CAMP ALOHA SUMMER SCHOOL**  
Squam Lake, Holderness, N. H.  
For boys. Seniors 15-20. Juniors 10-14. Tutoring for schools and colleges. A fine combination of work and play.  
EDMUND W. OGDEN DR. WM. W. FLINT, JR.  
DIRECTOR SUPERVISOR  
60 State St., Boston St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

**CAMP BAY STATE, TILTON, N. H.**  
For boys 9-18. Trips to all points of interest in the White Mts. and Lakes in N. H. featured. Sports. Woodcraft Circle. Rifle Range. Nature Study. Every boy learns to swim. 8 weeks. Write for booklet. Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Ballam, 28 Peirce St., Arlington Hts., Mass.

**CAMP FENIMORE**  
On Beautiful LAKE OTSEGO, Cooperstown, N. Y. A small, exclusive riding camp for boys, 6 to 12, from cultured, Christian homes. Write for book of pictures. Mrs. Clifford A. Braider, 114 East 22nd St., New York. (Also Companion Camp for Girls)

**CAMP WINNECOOK FOR BOYS**  
LAKE WINNECOOK, UNITY, MAINE  
25th Season. All usual camp activities, including riflery and horsemanship, included in camp fee. Extended horseback trips. The kind of a summer a boy most enjoys. Illustrated Booklet.  
Herbert L. Rand, 11 Hemenway Road, Salem, Mass.

**Camp Wichitee** West Dresden, Mo. For girls 8-20  
A camp of real sportsmanship. All activities including hand-craft, nature study, horseback riding and GOLF. Moderate rates. Address Miss Harriet M. Balcom, 1193 Commonwealth Ave., Allston, Mass.

**CAMP WONPOSET**  
Camp for young boys at Bantam Lake, Conn. In Berkshire. All activities. Excellent supervision. 100 miles from New York. 22nd Year. Booklet, Robert Y. Tinsdale, 31 E. 71st St., New York.

**CAMP MINNE-WAWA** For Boys and Young Men  
A summer of real outdoor life—fishing, canoeing, swimming, climbing. On Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Provincial Park, Highlands of Ontario. Good camp-mates. Fine food. Reasonable terms. For Booklet "A" write W. L. Wise, Ph.D., Bordenstown, N. J.

**CAMP OPECHEE**  
Baboosic Lake, Amherst, N. H.  
A Camp for young girls. Usual camp activities, including dramatics and dancing. Water sports especially featured. 8 weeks \$150.00. 11th Season. Booklet.  
Mrs. F. F. Hockaday, 37 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

**CAMP PENACOOK**  
North Sutton, N. H. Twenty-ninth Season. Limited number of desirable boys, ages 8 to 16. All field and water sports. Experienced counselors. Exceptional equipment. Wholesale food. R. B. Mattara, M. S., Lake Ferry-on-Hudson, N. Y.



## Thousands of Youth's Companion Readers

— are now using these marvelous new pens. And we offered to buy them back at full price if those who mailed the coupon didn't agree that the Postal was the best pen they ever used at any price!

### We Repeat That Offer!

You can try the Postal Pen 5 days before you decide to keep it. Find out for yourself how much more *convenient* it is to carry a fountain pen that *warns* you before it runs dry. And that holds 3 or 4 times more ink than others. Did you ever hear of a fairer, squarer offer?



You Can See  
Right Through  
This Pen

Costs Only  
**\$2.50**

**T**HINK of owning a big, he-man pen or a beautiful woman's model that holds 4 times more ink than other self-filling pens; a pen that is actually *transparent* and *unbreakable*; a pen that *always* writes and never scratches or sputters; a pen that is equal or superior in quality and workmanship to *any* other regardless of price. That's the Postal Pen — and it costs only \$2.50.

### Why the POSTAL Pen Costs Only \$2.50

The Postal Pen is manufactured by experts experienced in making high-priced pens. At \$8.75 it would be a bargain. But by eliminating all salesmen, dealers, distributors and heavy advertising costs we can sell you this remarkable pen at the amazing price of \$2.50. Buy direct from the manufacturer and save at least \$6.25 on this big, fine pen!

Of course, it is impossible to sell the Postal through the stores at this ridiculously low price. Their profit alone on a \$7 or \$8.75 pen in a class with the Postal is more than you actually pay for the Postal Reservoir Pen. And remember we don't ask you to buy the Postal Pen until you have actually used it. Don't even try to judge what a remarkably fine pen it is until you use it. Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself what a wonderful pen it is.

### SEND NO MONEY

Merely mail the coupon below. It entitles you to a Postal Pen "on approval." We need no salesmen. When your pen arrives, deposit \$2.50 with the postman. If after 5 days' hard use you do not agree that the Postal is the best pen you ever saw, return it to us, and your \$2.50 will be promptly refunded.

Postal Pen Co., Inc., Desk 211, 41 Park Row, New York City

Please send me one Postal Reservoir Pen, and five special Premium Postcards which I may give away or dispose of at 50c each. I will pay postman \$2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 5 days' use I desire to return the Postal Pen, you agree to refund purchase price. Check which you want. ☐ Men's size. ☐ Women's size.

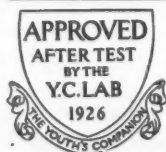
Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with Coupon.

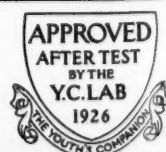


### The Postal Pen — Tested and Approved by Y. C. LAB

The Postal Reservoir Pen has been tested and officially approved by the Y. C. Lab (The official testing laboratory conducted by The Youth's Companion Magazine).

"The best fountain pen I ever used," the governor of the Y. C. Lab stated in the official report on which the Y. C. Lab Certificate of Test and Approval is issued.

"It is hard to convince people," another member of the Y. C. Lab reported, "that the price is only \$2.50, because it looks like one three times as expensive."



Actual  
Size  
Men's  
Model  
At Left

### Read These Remarkable Postal Features

**It is Transparent** — You can always see exactly how much ink you've got. Can't run unexpectedly dry.

**It is Unbreakable** — You can even step on it without injuring it. A wonderful pen for red-blooded boys and girls.

**It's the Smoothest Writing Pen You Ever Saw** — Big, Solid 14-Karat gold point, tipped with the finest iridium.

**It is Self-filling** — The easiest of all pens to fill.

**It Holds 3 to 4 Times More Ink Than Any Other Self-filling Pen** — Fill it once a month — and get real "writing mileage."

**And Remember** — The materials and workmanship are guaranteed to be equal or superior to those found in any other pen, whether sold at \$7, \$8.75 or more.

### The Pen That Says "Fill Me Up!" BEFORE It's Empty!

The POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN (named POSTAL because it is sold by mail only) is distinctive in design and contains features which are not found in any other pen. It is transparent, so you can always see when it needs filling. It is self-filling — employs an entirely new method, the easiest ever devised. Holds 3 to 4 times more ink than any other self-filling pen. Manufactured from same materials as used in highest priced pens. Never before have so many improvements and refinements been combined in a single, handsome, smooth-writing, never-clogging pen that you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

### FREE with your Postal Pen

you get five postcards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another Postal Pen. Sell these premium postcards for 50c each and earn back the full price of your pen or dispose of them any way you wish — Whatever You Make On Them Is Yours to Keep. But mail the coupon NOW. (State whether you want men's or women's model.)

**Postal**  
RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., INC., Desk 211, 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY